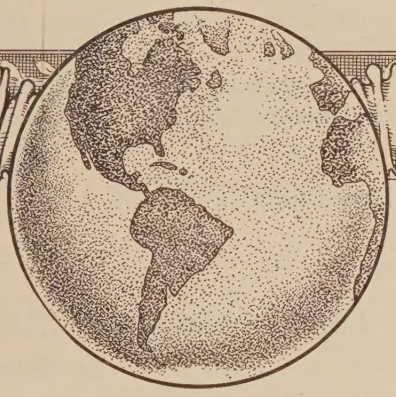
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

December 23, 1922



Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,
Have pity on my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God
An' ye were Martin Elginbrod.

Epitaph in Aberdeen Churchyard.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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FOR CHRISTMAS

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THE
Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 104th Year | New Series | Vol. XXV No. 51

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER OF THE LEADER

(*Issue of December* 30)

Watch for It!

The New Year's special number of the *Leader* will carry the first complete and comprehensive statement with regard to the Universalist National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House issued to date. It will be accompanied by two beautiful photogravure supplements, one of the Memorial Church, the other of the Perin-Cate House.

A CHRISTIAN FOREIGN POLICY

IF every man in the United States were an irreconcilable or a last ditcher," the President is reported to have said recently, "the United States still would be a powerful factor in European affairs. It can not escape it, if it would. And it would not if it could."

And White House spokesmen go on to emphasize that "we are not indifferent," "we do care," "we do want to help," "only we want to help intelligently," "we only wait for the favorable opportunity."

Before these words are printed there may be some announcement in the foreign policy of the United States Government of great importance. It is certain that the Washington correspondents are on the tiptoe of expectancy. It is certain also that they have good reason to look for an announcement in the near future.

Events of great significance fairly leap at us out of the news despatches: Morgan sees Hughes; Elihu Root calls on Harding; Harvey is called home for conference; Poincare changes the tone of his speeches; the President appears happy and confident that the long-hoped-for turn for the better has come.

It may be that we have been asked to mediate in the matter of German reparations, and that we can end the deadlock and put the thing on a basis where Germany can go on and develop her industrial life and France can get money enough to live.

It may be that the way has been paved for another economic conference in which we will sit as full members with full power.

It may be that the time is ripe to negotiate a treaty for the Atlantic like the "Four Power Treaty" for the Pacific, and agree for ourselves and get all Europe to agree that in the event of friction we will call a conference and talk things over before declaring war.

Whatever is coming, we await it with every desire to back up the Administration in a Christian foreign policy.

If the Harding Administration can find a way to help Europe, and thus help all humanity, including ourselves, it will win the gratitude of all parties in our country.

There will be a lot of nonsense uttered about "this" being far different from a "super state" planned by Woodrow Wilson, and about "the simon-pure Americanism" of the Republicans as contrasted with the Democrats. And there may be the attempt on the part of the old Bourbon Democrats to make political capital out of what the President honestly and perhaps ably does or tries to do. But all who have the simple elemental qualities of manhood and womanhood, all especially who love and honor Jesus Christ and call themselves Christians, all who feel the warmth of the Christmas spirit and who see the far-reaching importance of action America might take to stabilize the world, will rejoice with joy unspeakable to have the long night of our isolation from Europe ended and to have us contribute toward a settlement which will let Europe start on the upward road.

* *

GENERAL O'RYAN ON SOLDIERS AS PEACE WORKERS

AT the Lecturers' Conference on Public Opinion and World Peace held in Washington recently, General John F. O'Ryan of New York said some things on soldiers as believers in peace which surprised his hearers.

"The belief is general among army officers," he said, "that three hundred years from now peace will be maintained between the nations as it now is between the states of our Union. Many hold that peace

will come much sooner than that. At any rate large numbers hold that the time can be much shortened by the proper kind of organized effort. The soldier is a trained man well fitted to be a leader in organizing for peace."

General O'Ryan is a successful New York lawyer, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of New York, and Commander of the 27th Division in the World War. As a soldier, he has a great record. As an organizer for peace we wish him God speed.

He may be a little too optimistic about the proportion of army officers who believe in organizing for peace. But he is not more mistaken than those who think that the vast majority of regulars down deep in their hearts want war.

It is undeniable that all of us, preachers and army officers, have a constant temptation to magnify our own jobs and to perpetuate them even at the expense of the common good. There is small difference between church men who refuse to combine duplicating salaried boards and army men who hate to cut down army appropriations and slow up promotion.

General O'Ryan himself is probably familiar with that gallant appealing type of young army and navy officer who simply can't help burning with intense longing for war that he may "fulfil his destiny" and win the "honor and glory" life ought to bring to him. He and "the female of the species" are the unconscious upholders of militarism. Because of them, in part at least, war has not been abolished.

If General O'Ryan, however, can line up the army men of the country to work for peace, he will render a real service.

Church people and peace workers can well afford to disregard his reference to what has been done so far for peace as "contemptible" if he himself will only go out and "deliver the goods."

* *

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON CHRISTMAS

CARDINAL GIBBONS, the humble, unostentatious "Prince of the Church" who lived long in Baltimore, proved himself a true patriot, and won universal love in all Churches, wrote once on Christmas as follows:

> "The message of Christmas day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Christ alone of all religious founders has the courage to say to his disciples, 'Go teach all nations.' 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' 'You shall be witnesses to me in Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost bounds of the earth.' Be not restrained in your mission by national or state lines. Let my gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' All mankind are the children of my Father and my brethren. I embrace all in my charity. Let the whole human race be your audience and the world be the theater of your labors."

Faithful as he was to his Church and loyal as he was to his country and to his native state, there was nothing local, sectarian or petty in the spirit of James, Cardinal Gibbons. He had been with Christ and had learned of him.

Is there any higher duty before the Churches, Catholic and Protestant, than to spread this universal spirit inculcated and exemplified by the Cardinal?

Somebody has been busy in our country selling hate, suspicion, fear, prejudice. It is just as easy to sell faith, if we only knew it. And in doing it, we are selling a genuine article and not a gold brick.

Our spirit is to go out to everybody. We are to include all nations and all creatures. We are to be fair and decent and kind to negroes, Jews, Catholics, Turks, Greeks, and all the rest.

Anything less than this is not Christian and not Universalist.

* *

THE TIGER OF FRANCE

WHILE some have felt that his visit was an impertinence, the vast majority of American citizens without regard to party have remembered that Clemenceau more than any other man symbolizes that indomitable France which would not yield to the invader.

In the darkest hour of the war, after the Russian collapse, and the Italian defeat, with America not yet there and the manpower of France and Britain all called out, Clemenceau, a very old man, was summoned to be the head of the government of France. By his own physical and moral courage, his constant visits to all the fronts, his sound judgment and grim determination, he contributed more to the final victory than any other single individual.

Equally gallant, picturesque, courageous and appealing is this pilgrimage, at his great age, to the United States. The Government of France did not want him to go; the Government of the United States did not want him to come. It is doubtful if he has affected public opinion to any considerable extent.

But such has been the respect felt for him as a great figure of the Great War, such the appeal of extreme old age, so frank and fearless has the old man been in telling us our faults face to face, with unfailing good humor, and a great depth of pathos, that he has been received with kindness and consideration everywhere.

The burden of his message has been that France is not militaristic, and not imperialistic, that France must have some guarantee against invasion and some security for the damage of the war, and, getting these, will disarm.

Because the United States did not stand by, Europe finds herself in the situation she is to-day. To leave was our right, but we did not even say good-by. There can be no order for the world until we help make it. Whether it be the League of Nations with all the reservations we want, or in some other way, we must co-operate with the rest of the world.

"I have been bringing you everywhere," said the old Tiger in Washington, "the same words. I have only one message. That message is the plainest that can be conceived. Peace—peace for all men. Whether they are good or whether they are bad, peace for all. If some people make too much noise, well, we must imagine that a policeman will be called in to keep them quiet. That is my message."

We have been very impatient with France since the war. Hardly anything has been left undone by

her Government to alienate American sympathy. Not a glimmer of statesmanship has appeared in a situation calling for vision and courage—but, for that matter, what nation has shown much?

And yet the visit of Clemenceau does serve to remind us of heroic and beautiful things in French history, of an ancient friendship with the United States, and of a really desperate situation there to-day.

We have bitterly disappointed France, France has bitterly disappointed us, but "we are not enemies but friends."

* *

MORE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

BOOK NOTES of Hartford, edited by Edwin Valentine Mitchell, like the *Leader*, turns back to Dickens' Christmas Carol as the subject of the leading editorial for December, but emphasizes a different thought:

> "Scrooge, under the guidance of the Ghost of Christmas Past, has just been shown a vision of his youth when he was an apprentice with Mr. Fezziwig, a city merchant; it was Christmas Eve in that past day, and old Fezziwig and his wife gave a ball to their work people, at which there was much merriment and jollity. The Christmas Spirit says, to test Scrooge and to mark the impression made on him, that this ball was a small matter to please the apprentices so much, an affair which cost the merchant very little; Scrooge, in his dream, replies:
>
> " 'It isn't that. . . . It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words or looks, in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.'
>
> "In these few words is concentrated the very pith and marrow of the argument with which a dozen earnest writers on the industrial problem are now filling whole volumes; the truth that there must be a recognition of the common human element, that the individual, and his needs as an individual, must be considered."

* *

CHILDHOOD AND CHORES

CHILD labor is a great evil, but child idleness is a greater evil. One dwarfs and stunts the body but the other attacks the fiber of the soul.

Judge Frederick P. Cabot of the Juvenile Court of Boston, addressing the Family Welfare Society, denounced vigorously "wealthy, well-to-do fathers and mothers who deny their children nothing, who take away from youngsters the little chores common to the youth of yesterday and which the child should have."

Child labor of the right sort is a part of the joy of life. We are accustomed to talk of every child's right to "a childhood of play," but what about every child's inalienable right to a childhood of work?

Among the little children of the very rich it has been an interesting sight to see the effect of the introduction into a school which they attended of manual training and domestic science and art.

One little girl of ten spurned all the attractions of her home, all the offers of family and the governess, and compelled the family to take her back to school afternoons to her tools and her work bench, where she was making something with her own hands. So a ten thousand dollar limousine swiftly carried a little millionaire child to the shop where she had found the joy of work.

Will any of us who have had gardens of "our very own," ever forget the thrill of the first bean or pea or clumsy potato which we planted pushing its way up into the sunlight?

For the sake of the children themselves, we must put back into life for all children something to give the training the farmer boy and village boy gets in chores.

Indispensable to the success of any substitute is the attitude of mind in parents which recognizes the dignity and beauty of labor both of hand and brain.

* * *

OF HIS HIGH COMPANY

AT the end of his autobiography, "The Story of a Varied Life," the late W. S. Rainsford clears the path for those troubled by Orthodox conceptions of Jesus.

> Perhaps you say: "I can not believe in Jesus; something, I know not what, has prevented his appealing to me." Many are in that case to-dayl Our orthodoxies have misstated and disguised the great Lord Jesus Christ. But if you can not take Jesus as your Master, there are two things you can do.
>
> First: Believe in the Truth. Try to find it, and when and so far as you have found it, obey it.
>
> And second: Believe in your fellow men, and try to serve them.
>
> Make obedience to these two rules the main purpose of your life, and though you see not Jesus, you are one of his high company."

Dr. Rainsford took into his great New York church those Christians who dared not claim the name but who cherished the spirit and lived the life of Christ.

On the theory that they were of "His High Company" he counted them worthy of the fellowship of the Christian Church.

* *

AN UNDERLYING DETERMINATION

THOSE who first celebrated the birthday of Jesus suffered martyrdom. Telephorus, the seventh Bishop of Rome, who first ordered the celebration in the second century, was himself "offered up." In the fourth century the soldiers of Diocletian barred doors and windows of a building where Christians were assembled to celebrate Christmas, and applied the torch. Hundreds were burned to death.

What is now our happiest time, was for centuries a time of ordeal.

The early Christians did not evade the issue. They did not shrink from the ordeal. They did not deny their allegiance.

Underlying all the merriment, all the rest, all the glad reunion and feasting of all Christmas celebrations, there should be the unfaltering determination that we will not deny our allegiance.

Religious Liberals and the New Religious Education*

Henry F. Cope

General Secretary of the Religious Education Association

IT is quite proper to speak of "the new religious education" because there is greater difference between the advance and the rearguard in this field than in that of general education—and I trust it is proper to speak of "religious liberals." The new religious education is marked by a theory which is being scientifically wrought out, by purposes newly conceived, and by methods developed in even greater freedom than we find in general education.

It is difficult to characterize the old without running risk of an accusation of caricature. In its simplest forms what is here meant by the old religious education was nothing more than the ancient scheme of indoctrination. After some convulsions it consented to have the modern label "religious education" pasted on, and now it seems to be coquettishly proud of the name, but it has remained the same under the label. At its best the old still thinks mainly of three things: the area of its work in the mind of a child, the mass of materials in the Bible and in knowledge about religious things, and the goal of its work in church membership. In the field of the church it was what public education still so largely is in its field, the regimentation of the intellectual processes of children for informational purposes. It offered definitely limited batches of information, and it was satisfied with fragments of time, amateurish attempts at teaching and with absence of efforts to test its processes or results.

The new religious education is even more difficult to describe briefly, not because of uncertainty as to its meaning, but because of the variety of factors involved, because some of these are in process of discovery and co-ordination, and because it is not a fixed mechanism or a fully articulated program, but rather a purpose to the realization of which laws are being applied in method as rapidly as they are ascertained. But one can readily characterize the new by its differences from the old. Its area of work is not limited to the minds of children, but lies in the full lives of persons in society; it refuses to think solely of materials of knowledge but seeks a curriculum of experience, an organization of social experiences which persons may be stimulated actively to share and form; and its goal is not less than a new human society, guided by new motives and living for religious or spiritual ends.

In the best sense religious education is education that is religious, religious not alone because it has to do with religious ideas but also because it has to do with persons who are religious, whose whole lives may be religious, because it follows with religious reverence the laws of these lives as they are scientifically discovered, because it seeks nothing less than the changing of our social world over to religious motives, and it seeks to approach this task in that spirit of religion which calls for the unreserved devotion of our best powers and all our resources. It is religion that is educational, that is, it focuses attention on the orderly development of persons in society; it seeks all light and truth, and it insists on candor and freedom. It stands for those principles which liberal religion advocates: truth rather than tradition, vital forces rather than fixed forms, character rather than creed.

Now, one can not help asking an interesting question: To what extent have the liberal churches received and fostered the new religious education? Of course, a fully satisfactory answer would be possible only with a careful, critical, evaluating survey of these churches with proper tests and measurements. That we do not have, nor do I know of any serious attempt at such a survey. That is the same as saying that, so far as we know, religious liberal bodies do not take their church programs of religious education with scientific seriousness—or they have not been able to secure the money necessary for this fundamental study of self-examination. It is not unfair to say that, like all the rest, they have been content to go on conducting Sunday schools, and like activities, without knowing whether their work was functionally organized, efficient or securing suitable results.

Now, having been invited to speak out in meeting, here follow some impressions on religious education in liberal churches:

There are liberals in religion who are not liberated from the purely intellectualistic concepts of education. They still seek to indoctrinate children, while they are proud of their liberality as manifest in the higher grade of mental discipline involved in their courses. They imagine that a church school for children is educational in the degree that it approximates to a college curriculum. Over their doors you may read, "Character is our goal;" but it is evident that information is their purpose. Their ministers often boast of the stiff, encyclopedic character of the textbooks used, and one looks in vain for purposes in life. They have not yet passed from information to education.

There are those who still judge results by intellectual attainments. Knowledge is their goal, and knowledge—of a kind—is all they ever get. Let me not seem to discount knowledge; education is impossible without it. But we must not confound the process with the product. The aim of religious education is not children who are priggish, peripatetic encyclopedias of information, but persons who take life in religious terms.

These are those who still hold to the second of the old concepts, the materials of religious knowledge. They imagine that they evidence liberality because they extend the field of knowledge to include much beyond the Bible. They have simply broken the old fences of the theological disciplines. They suppose that they are modern because they teach the story of Buddha with the same honesty that they would teach the story of Paul. One admires the courage that dare break with the traditions of bibliolatry, but who has

*Dr. Cope was asked by the Executive Board of our General Sunday School Association to state explicitly just what he would like as co-operation from religious liberals. This is the first of two articles sent in response.

the courage to break with the much more august traditions of scholasticism? Where is the liberality, and the light, that will apply the modern scientific and vital laws of education instead of the obsolete mechanisms of transferring the contents of books into heads?

And there are many calling themselves liberals who have not broken down the fences; they are still satisfied with the purely biblical patchwork designs of ancient days. The patchwork has a design that the liberal would reject; it is to make children Orthodox. But the liberal leader of the church hasn't imagination enough to offer anything better.

There are those who do not realize that religious education involves scientific processes, who imagine that its work can be organized without any specialized knowledge, who, scoffing at Orthodox churches that are rapidly developing a definite and modern teaching technique, are still content to leave the training of their children to amateurs largely or wholly ignorant of modern education. And here are found those ministers who, often of high attainments in other fields, will not take the trouble to learn in this new and highly specialized field.

There are liberal churches that have not ever discovered education because they have not yet discovered children. They think of themselves as beacon-towers sending out cold gleams of intellectual veracity over a world weltering in seas of ignorance. A few of their leaders are marooned prophets, on deserted islands of philosophical speculation. And many feel that they are prophets in the wilderness, wondering why the multitudes do not come forth and, at last, contenting themselves with a very poor opinion of multitudes. They do not understand that even though the multitudes flocked to them it would make little difference—for the multitude seldom changes its mind. They had hoped to teach mature minds, but when minds get mature—or think they are—they do not want to be taught. Meanwhile the next generation stands waiting and no one teaches them. Is there a sadder sight than the neglected children of liberalism?

Certainly they are not all neglected. But there is a very clearly discernible tendency to take liberal churches wholly in terms of adults. It may grow from a fear of unfairly influencing children, but it has not faced the responsibility that truth brings, nor has it considered the needs of those children. What would you think of a free man who took no care for his children's training in the modern sciences for fear of establishing a bias in their minds? And what shall we think of religious liberals who do not see that the science of living in our world is all-inclusive science, who see nothing in religion to play its part in that great science, and feel no responsibility for their children, and for all children, that they may now find their feet on the path of freedom and faith?

This is not a plea for the imposition of our particular ideas on helpless children. After all, ideas can not be imposed and children are not helpless. But it is a plea for the children to-day and for the world that is to-morrow that, while it is possible, while minds are seeking, habits are forming, ideals are developing, they shall have their just heritage of our freedom, they shall have our light, and, most of all, while they are having life, they shall experience it in spiritual terms. The only way we can hope in any large degree to bring about a better world, of justice, good-will and rich satisfactions, is through our children. What is all our liberty if it lay on us no responsibility to set all men free? And where is our vision if we do not see our opportunity in the open, untrammeled childhood of this hour? And what is all our religion if it means nothing to us of a better human society, a society that loves, and one that grows in our schools as it learns the ways of nobler and more spiritual living? The world that might be calls in the childhood that is becoming, calls to every religious liberal to a full measure of devotion in real, free, scientific and thorough religious education.

Congregationalist, Unitarian and Universalist

THREE Liberal Churches were represented upon the program of the Boston Universalist Club, at the Hotel Bellevue, Monday, Dec. 11, 1922—a meeting which perhaps was a forerunner of a "far-off divine event" toward which the three are moving—a United Liberal Church or a Liberal Christian Church or a United Free Church.

As one member put it in conversation, "We want a United Free Kirk, but we don't want any 'Wee Frees' left afterward."

The fact that there has been formed a United Church of Canada taking in Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist, was in the mind of many at the meeting. All three speakers, however, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, of Tufts College, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, and Dr. Samuel H. Woodrow, pastor of the Congregational Church of Newton Highlands, extolled the beauties of separation and diversity and kept away from any discussion of organic union.

The president of the Club, Mr. Wm. R. Thompson, introduced Dean McCollester, who made simply an appropriate address of welcome to the others.

Dr. Samuel A. Eliot followed and was cordially received. He said in part: "The central principal of Christianity is fellowship. The great need of a distracted world is fraternity. Christianity always is something bigger than the churches which represent it. The world refuses to be either Romanized or Presbyterianized. Let us live, gentlemen, as much in these larger loyalties as we can.

"We all have our local loyalties. It is right to live in them. But let us make them not barriers against one another but channels to a common service.

"Each denomination brings some contribution for the enrichment of the common cause. Judge each one by the best that it produces, not the worst.

"There is the long line of development, the slow unfolding of beauty, the historic sense of the liturgical churches. There is the intellectual virility of the Presbyterian. There is the witness of the Friend to the validity of the 'inner l ght.' There is the educational

ardor of the Congregationalist and Lutheran, the missionary spirit of the Methodist and Moravian, the singular mingling of morality and mysticism in the Universalist and the Unitarian.

"The Roman Church was the guardian of learning in many a dark age. She set her sweet Madonnas above the altar. She saved and handed down many an ideal of beauty. The Protestant Church came forth an apostle of liberty. She gave back to preaching its ancient dignity and power. She opened again to the world the treasuries of the Bible.

"We here to-night represent three Churches each with traditions dear to us. Can we not grow more and more into co-operation?

"We don't want conformity. We don't want the river of truth to flow in one undeviating channel. We don't want to confine it. We want to replenish it.

"The man who shuts himself up in a single sect is the real schismatic. He has cut himself off from the great body.

"Let us get together as fast as our varying temperaments permit in that United Free Church whose barriers begin to rise above the horizon."

The Rev. Samuel H. Woodrow began by saying that they had had first Samuel and now they would have second Samuel.

"I agree with Emerson," he continued. "A man ought not to be 'a mush of concessions.' He ought to have convictions. I have been in every state of the Union but two. I have been president of our Home Mission Society. I have just come from a long pastorate in St. Louis and before that from Washington, D. C., and I have some strong convictions on this subject of church unity. We can have unity. We can't have uniformity. We ought not have it. The higher up you go in nature, the degrees of difference are multiplied on every side. When we come to man, we have many men of many minds. The only people who think alike are the people who do not think. People differ even in Massachusetts about politics—the tariff, the bonus. It is not surprising that when you come to the highest human interest, religion—man's relation to his fellow man and to God—you find diversity.

"Back in the days of the apostles we find men saying 'I am of Paul.' These were the men who were for sound doctrine—the Presbyterians. Others were saying 'I am of Apollos,' the men of fervor and emotion—the Methodists of that day.

"Still others said 'I am of Cephas.' These were the ones who believed it necessary to have an autocratic government in the Church, while there were some who were content simply to say 'I am of Christ,' the ones who found the essential thing to love God and their neighbor.

"The crimes for which we blush in Christian history are not the crimes committed by the sects. They are the crimes which grew out of the attempt to make all Christians think alike and bow alike. Out of resistance to such attempts were born the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches.

"We believe in free self-governing churches. We do not believe in putting our souls in the care of some Mother Church.

"I say as a Congregational minister that if I had lived in that time when the Unitarian division took place and thought as I do now, my sympathies would have been with the Unitarians. The pendulum had swung so far that we had lost the human Christ. I say with equal conviction that I do not sympathize with those who let the pendulum swing so far the other way that they lose the Divine Christ. He was Son of God and Son of Man.

"The only religions that have had power in this world are redemptive religions—the religions which recognize that man has gone wrong and that there is a Power to forgive him and start him right.

"Now I come to the Universalist Church. I say frankly that if I had lived when you began, thinking as I think now, my sympathies would all have been with Murray and Ballou. The doctrine of everlasting punishment is a doctrine abhorrent to every right-minded man. It violates our conceptions of the nature of God. It is contrary to the moral sense of mankind.

"In the village where I grew up we had no movies. Our main interest was the church. I remember as a boy of twelve attending a revival meeting. The revivalist had long black hair, a sharp nose and a little black mustache. He did not attract me. I shall never forget my feeling when he built figuratively at one end of his platform the yawning pit of hell, and carried his struggling victims over and dropped them in. Each class of adult sinners he brought along and dropped in on the waiting pitchforks of the devils. When he finished with the judgment he said 'There goes the last damned soul.' I came nearer losing my religion there than at any other time in my life. 'If that is what God is doing,' I said, 'I am not going to say my prayers any more.' I had a father and I knew he would not do it to a cat or dog or any living thing.

"Boy of twelve as I was, perhaps reticent, I kept thinking. If I had gone to my father he could have straightened it out in a moment. But I struggled on alone and came to the conclusion that the man was mistaken. I settled that question as a boy of twelve for myself.

"I do believe in future punishment. There are plenty of people here in Boston whom I would not want to live with here or hereafter until they had had some kind of a sulphuric acid bath. But I do not believe in physical torture applied for any length of time for a moral offense. There is some kind of a purgatory where men can be prepared.

"Out in St. Louis, to speak of Universalists is to create a picture of beings with horns and hoofs and forked tail. Even I, a Congregationalist, was prayed for.

"But when I was invited to address the Southern Methodists I took this topic of future punishment. In St. Louis, we have built back of our houses little brick vaults for ashes. In these rubbish is thrown and burned. I call them little gehennas. Smoke is always ascending from these pits. I said to the Methodists, 'If you should pick up your *Globe-Democrat* and read that Dr. Woodrow had taken a cat and thrown it into one of these little gehennas and let it burn all night would you think that he was a fit man to preach the gospel? My Board would ask for my resignation before another Sabbath. If I could not do that to a

cat and keep my reputation do you think that the Lord God would do that to a single man for all eternity?' Well, I escaped with my life. I think I had them.

"The time has come when the problems which confront Protestantism are so great that a divided Protestantism can not solve them. The world can not be saved by the Presbyterians or Methodists or by any one of us. It needs all of us.

"The historian of the future will have to deal with the question as to who won the war.

"Russia held millions of Germans engaged on that eastern front until the Allies could get started. Russia has a good right to say she won the war—that the result would have been different if she had not been there.

"Little Belgium tripped up the German monster and delayed him. She can say that she won the war.

"Britain threw her little red line out against the Germans, losing nine out of ten men in those awful early months. She can say that she won the war.

"France assembled her armies and held the line, crying 'They shall not pass." France can say she won the war.

"Italy can say, 'We were fighting on the snow-capped mountain peaks, in the frightful cold of the Alps. We held Austria at a critical time so that she could not throw her strength against the western front. We won the war.'

"And in America we are sure who won the war. 'Our men,' we say, 'and our money did it.' In Massachusetts they know who won the war. It was the Massachusetts troops. In New York I saw a great parade, one of the greatest I ever saw, of New York men. They knew who won it. But when I got out to Missouri I really found out. It was the 89th Division. It was the men of Missouri and Arkansas, the men trained by Wood at Funston, the only division never brigaded with either French or British, and who fought with such terrible losses. I know they won the war for my boy was there.

"But in fact, all these united won the war, under a unified command. There had to be hat unity of command before anybody won the war.

"That is what I look for among the Christian forces of world. We can't think alike on all subjects. We can all be imbued with the spirit of love and truth, and with the desire to see justice prevail. We can unite under the supreme command of the one God and Father of us all."

The new members the Club elected were: the Rev. John van Schaick, Jr., D. D., Associate Editor of the *Universalist Leader;* the Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., Superintendent of Massachusetts Universalist Churches; Dr. Martin M. Brown of North Adams, vice-president of Massachusetts Comrades; Mr. Harvey King of the Roxbury church and Mr. John H. Barthelmess of West Medford.

Out in the Big World

XXIII Preaching in Hartford

John van Schaick, Jr.

FOR some weeks the date had been fixed for the second Sunday in December. After some twenty years I was to stand again in the pulpit of Dr. John Coleman Adams. The other times it had been in the old Williamsburg church, Brooklyn. Now it was to be in the beautiful church at Hartford.

But the dear old friend would not be there.

Stopping off on the way from Washington to Boston seemed a simple thing, but it caused some perturbation of soul on the part of those responsible for the service.

The Federal Express out of Washington every night at 7.30 carries a car which is thrown off at New Haven every morning at 3.41, and picked up by a train which arrives at Hartford at 7.55 a. m. week days, but on Sundays at 10.13 a. m.

Great indeed was my faith, my recklessness, for I have been using the demoralized New Haven system regularly for some weeks and I know the conditions. When I woke up in New Haven I went out and hired a cheerful robber to drive me to Hartford if the 9.04 a. m. from New York should be late.

Those were peaceful moments at New Haven in the railroad yards. There was a Sunday calm over everything. Give me a mountain top, a sea voyage or a Pullman car off on a siding, for leisure and an opportunity to think. And a peaceful breakfast at the lunch counter, a peaceful walk around a block or two, a peaceful dip into the Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens, all contributed to the general effect. There was a six-months-old baby in the next berth—a little angel of goodness. There were friends down the aisle from the Unitarian church in Washington with whom to have a little chat. And there was a colored porter taking an intense personal interest in my getting through on time. How I do like the average colored porter on a Pullman car! The man on the car in front of ours stepped up to me in Washington and introduced himself as "the man who used to go about with Mr. S. R. Bond and talk to you at Riggs' market."

The 9.04 from New York came into New Haven on time, but we lost time going to Hartford, so that we rolled into the Hartford station one and one-half minutes before church time.

I was glad it happened. It showed me the resourcefulness of the parish. A car was waiting outside. Mr. Belden was on the platform to get me. We were at the church in "no time."

"Not a word to him, ladies," said my guide to a group as we entered the parish house, and to the organist—"Go ahead, here he is." Hymns and psalm admirably adapted to my topic had been picked out and posted. Notices were handed me. A few words sufficed to explain the order. Not over five minutes elapsed from my stepping out of the Pullman and into the pulpit.

But that was not all. I found that Mr. Belden had two sermons at the church from which to pick one to read in case I had failed to come—the sermon of

Robert Collyer recently published in the *Leader*, and a sermon by "Ian Maclaren"—and that either he or Mr. Morgan, the president of the Board, had been going to officiate. As Mr. Morgan put it, "These people who have taken the pains and trouble to come to church would have had something."

No church can fail where the laymen have such a spirit. "They would have had something." The same spirit which makes the best brains of the country leap to fill a gap in the business world made these men leap to fill a gap in the church. It shows that the project is dear to them, that the church is considered worth while and that so long as they are in a thing, that thing has got to go.

Well, I had no trouble preaching in Hartford. Good or bad, at least it was free from the curse of haste or worry or fear—the little devils who like to chase me up into the pulpit. It was Dr. Adams' church and these strong men were standing by and I just couldn't help liking it and being glad that I was there with a chance to preach.

I told them something in Sunday school about Herbert Hoover. The sun came pouring in the windows, brightening the whole place, and everybody sang with spirit.

It was a great day.

The sun was shining on the snow when we whirled away in Mr. Belden's big car to dinner at his beautiful home. His house stands in a region of detached houses, some with colonial pillars, and of curving tree-lined roadways, and all the sky one wants. His home was filled with books and pictures and fireplaces and old furniture and big modern chairs for comfort and a sun parlor, and growing girls so that one really did not need a sun parlor, and a frisky young cat, so homely that it was beautiful, which was the final touch in sheer home feeling.

My old comrade in war work, Rev. E. DeW. Miel, D. D., is the pastor of the Episcopal church of Hartford, and so the big car and the whole family again whirled me through the beautiful streets to the rectory.

This is the man whom Hartford Universalists will always hold in loving memory not only for what he is all of the time to Hartford, but especially for two addresses he made, one at the centennial anniversary of our church, and the other at the funeral of John Coleman Adams.

Nothing good they could say about him surprised me, for I have seen his courage, his patience, his cheerfulness, and his real ability, tested in the Great War and never fail.

Good old Miel—how little a church label counts with him! But what a credit such men are to a beautiful and historic old Church!

"Five minutes only," said my host at the next stop. "I'll blow the horn." It was five minutes well spent. It was the home of the family of the Rev. S. A. Davis, one of our strong old pioneer ministers, who died twenty-five years ago, whose last work was done in Vermont, but who lived in Hartford after he retired.

I went especially to see Arthur Bissell, brother of Eleanor Bissell, who has been practically a shut-in all his life. I was glad I had the chance. And I went also to see one of the most remarkable families in our whole denomination. Of the ten daughters of the Rev. S. A. Davis—five of the first wife and five of the second wife—five are still living and four of them are living together in this home. Of the first five only one is living—the very oldest. Miss Minnie S. Davis, almost eighty-eight years old, a loyal member of our Church, a famous teacher and healer through Mental Science, the author of several books, is apparently as alert and keen mentally as ever.

Apropos of my host's peremptory blowing of his horn to summon me on she said something I like to say myself, for it's true: "Quick movement does not mean necessarily inward hurry. Quick movement may go hand in hand with inward peace."

Miss Belle Davis, strong and active in the work of the Hartford church, Miss Marion, handicapped by illness but radiating cheer, Miss Grace, keeping herself always in the background—all were interesting. I carried away a clear picture of a Universalist family which in loyalty and devotion is a credit to the brave old pioneer preacher "who proclaimed the faith when it cost something to do it."

On we went past the new site where the theological school and the mission school and the religious education school with all their kin will group themselves together—a physical symbol of a new team work—past the group of houses overlooking a lovely ravine made forever famous by Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Richard Burton the poet, some of whose poetry we had time to read aloud before dinner even on this apparently hurried visit—on at last to the New Haven station to catch the 2.50 p. m. for Boston.

I said good-by, mounted the platform, humming a little tune, and I was glad the train up from New Haven was twenty minutes late. It gave me time for a walk in the bracing winter air.

Well, I had all the air I wanted and more, too, before I got to Boston town. The train was two and one-half hours late getting into Hartford, and three and one-quarter hours late getting into Boston.

An honest old freight engine was dragging it when at last it did show up, for the engine had broken down, and a very mad, sarcastic lot of citizens descended at Hartford. "We've been at Wallingford over two hours," said a good-looking man. "Rotten, isn't it? What?"

The same old engine took us up to Springfield, hauling us faithfully and well as if we had been hogs or any other freight.

I couldn't help but be sorry for the man trying to find motive power to run the New Haven trains that afternoon, trying to carry on without capital, without credit, without adequate equipment or the men needed. But it was a great relief to strike the New York Central lines at Springfield and have a powerful engine ready to haul us at full speed east over the hills and across the valleys of Massachusetts.

The preacher behind me was not as lucky as I. He was getting into Worcester too late for his night engagement. I had reached Hartford in time for mine.

Many morals are struggling to get themselves immortalized on this page. "Start earlier," could be one. "Keep cool and cheerful under stress of travel," is another. "Back up the President on his recommendations about the railroads," could be a third. At least know this—that there are such recommendations. Know that transport is essential to national

happiness and prosperity. Know that there could be no living in Washington and preaching in Hartford and working in Boston without it. And know that much of the new and better understanding and good-will between sections and nations depends upon developing still further methods of getting about the world.

Dr. Grose Welcomed to All Souls

THREE hundred members of All Souls Church gave an enthusiastic welcome to their new pastor, the Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D., and his wife at a reception and dinner in the parish hall, Ocean and Ditmas Aves., Brooklyn, Thursday evening, Dec. 7.

It was an epoch-making event in the history of All Souls. Not only was Dr. Grose fairly bombarded with warm and spontaneous expressions of regard and pledges of loyalty by his new parishioners, but —that there might be absolutely no doubt as to their wishes to support him to the very limit—the minister was presented with a motor car to aid him in his pastoral duties. Dr. Grose was deeply affected by the presentation, and declared that the spirit that lay back of the gift could not help but inspire him to be a more effective minister of the gospel.

The dinner was also made notable by the inspiring messages of the speakers. Though a staunch spirit of Universalism was rampant on all sides, this dinner was within no narrow denominational lines. Practically all of the Protestant clergymen of Flatbush were present as guests of All Souls, and the Rev. J. Frederic Berg, D. D., pastor of the Flatbush Dutch Reformed Church—which dates back to the early seventeenth century—acted as their spokesman.

Dr. Berg pointed out that no great gulf now separates his Church from ours, and declared that "the time will come when we shall all think along the same lines in every denomination."

"I love the name of this church," he continued, "both the All Souls and the Universalist. There is something so broad and charitable and so kindly and inviting in it that I do not wonder there is this great congregation here to-night."

And our own Dr. J. Fort Newton of the Divine Paternity, Manhattan, speaking on behalf of the Universalist denomination, brought a message along the same general line. He pictured the tremendous forces of evil to be combated in New York and said: "The ministers of all churches here must combine forces against this great tide of paganism. Each denomination is but one sector of one battle line, standing shoulder to shoulder against a common foe. If the Methodists in their sector should be beaten back a bit, it is not only their loss but a loss for all the sister churches."

"A minister who adopts a sectarian attitude in New York City is stupid. We should be universal rather than Universalist ministers," he declared. "We are here to build up a church of Jesus Christ."

The evening had been started with a reception in the beautiful Gunnison Memorial Room (in memory of Dr. and Mrs. Almon Gunnison). There, Dr. and Mrs. Grose, flanked by Herbert F. Gunnison, Mrs. Theodore Burroughs, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Faris and Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Bryant, were presented to the people.

Downstairs the banquet hall had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. During the turkey dinner, all the formality of the occasion was quickly swept aside by the singing of lively community songs, many of them old favorites. Then, after several selections by the church choir, the toastmaster, Fortescue C. Metcalfe, called the gathering to order.

First came brief messages from two All Souls women. Miss Lois Pinney extended a welcome to the new minister on behalf of the women of the church, and Mrs. Niels S. Nickelsen, pastor's assistant, spoke for the young people of the parish.

With his usual ready wit and jovial spirit, Dr. Thomas E. Potterton of the Church of Our Father voiced his delight at the coming of Dr. Grose to Brooklyn, the City of Churches.

The principal address of the evening was delivered by Dr. Paul Dwight Moody, president of Middlebury College and a son of the noted evangelist. Dr. Moody has been a close friend of Dr. Grose for several years and served with him in France during the World War. Dr. Moody had been with him in the advanced area with the French Army, he had been associated with the guest of the evening in organizing the Comrades in Service (the forerunner of the American Legion), he had assisted Dr. Grose in his task at Washington in working out a program of training in morals and good citizenship for soldiers in the American Army, which was finally approved by General Pershing and is now in use. And knowing the honored guest as he did, Dr. Moody spoke from the fulness of his heart.

"It is a great thing," he declared, "to be linked with something so much larger than yourself. You people of All Souls should be thankful to have a pastor who has been lifted high on those great things that went to make up the world conflict.

"Your new leader has learned to think in large figures and that sort of thing always broadens and uplifts a man. It leads a man to look upward and think lofty thoughts and plan big plans. And you are to be congratulated upon securing such a pastor who has been in the thick of things.

"The tragedy of the reconstruction period through which we are now passing is that some of the walls of religious prejudice that were broken down during the war are now being built up again. It remains for those who have the true sense of values to lead us out of our present situation. I am not a believer in war, but I do say if we have passed through the recent conflict and not learned its lesson, then, in God's name, let us have it over again."

Dr. Moody spoke feelingly of Dr. Grose's relationship with the men in the army and congratulated All Souls on securing a leader who had been tried in so many ways and always risen to the occasion.

Mr. Gunnison, speaking on behalf of the entire congregation, assured Dr. Grose of the undivided and loyal support of the people. He reviewed briefly the inspiring history of the church, referring to the heroic figures and saints who have gone before.

Then he announced the presentation of the motor car.

Dr. Grose, who was completely surprised, declared that he was taking up his new duties with all the enthusiasm and purpose at his command, cherishing the hope that he would prove to be the kind of a minister the people of the church wanted. He said he would be less than human were he not deeply grateful for the wonderful greeting he received.

Several letters were read, including a greeting from Dr. John Smith Lowe, the General Superintendent, who regretted his inability to be present, and a similar note from Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the noted Congregational divine.

The dinner followed the formal installation services which were held the preceding Sunday. On that occasion, the services were conducted by Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, who also preached the installation sermon. The charge to the minister and the people was made by Dr. John van Schaick, Jr.

In the course of a stirring sermon, Dr. Hall said: "A leader can do little without the aid of his people. My exhortation is for you to work with Dr. Grose to create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. I congratulate you that this church has stood for many years for the religion of service and good. I congratulate you on the men you have had to lead you in the past and that you now have a leader whom all will learn to love."

Dr. van Schaick, after warmly praising Dr. Grose, declared that the way was "paved for a great movement, with a fine minister, with a loyal and devoted wife to aid him in his work, a willing congregation and a church with the best platform I know of."

Dr. Grose comes to All Souls from Boston, where he was the New England representative of the Playground and Recreation Association of America and Community Service. He had been there since he left the Army in June, 1921.

Dr. Grose was born in Abington, Mass., July 17, 1869. He was graduated from Tufts in 1891 and the Crane Theological School in 1894. He was pastor of the Universalist church in Stoughton, Mass., until 1901, of the Pullman Memorial Church in Albion, N. Y., until 1905, and of the First Universalist Church in Rochester, N. Y., until 1919. In this long pastorate of fourteen years he achieved unusual success. Before the entry of America into the war he had received a leave of absence to go overseas with the French *Foyer du Soldat*, and with that organization saw service at Chalons sur Marne for which he was decorated by the French Government. Then followed his experiences with the American Army already referred to.

With the installation ceremonies over, All Souls has plunged into the work of the year, confident that a future even greater than her past lies ahead.

The Revival of Catholicism in Europe

Walter M. Horton

QUEER black hats, like flattened-out derbies, long black gowns, close-fitting about the chest and flapping about the ankles—how their omnipresence impresses the Protestant when he first lands on the Continent! With their allies the monks and nuns, who scuffle in sandals or tack about in billowy white-winged headdresses, the priests form a uniformed army that rivals even the military upon the street. "And yet," says our Protestant to himself, "they represent a declining faith, and all their brave parade is but a shadow of past glory."

There he is mistaken! The curve of Catholicism, measured since the Reformation, may on the whole be a declining one, but at the present day, at least on the continent of Europe, it is distinctly on the rise. To be convinced of this, one need only reflect upon certain political news items: Papal nuncios once more received at capitals of Europe. Chief Powers now represented at Rome.—Alsace resists abolition of ecclesiastical school system. Regarded as entering wedge for reunion of Church and State in France.—Feud between Papacy and Monarchy in Ita y nears end. Pope appears on balcony over public square. Mussolini announces he will work for peace.—Catholic Party in Germany rises into limelight under Erzberger and Wirth. Holds central position in coalition government.

But one so seldom reflects! I confess I should never have caught the significance of this trend of events had it not been for M. Paul Sabatier, that most sympathetic observer of Catholic affairs, whom I met at Strasbourg in the summer of 1921. His stirring delineation of what he considered to be the beginnings of an epoch-making revival of Catholicism, at least European in its scope, led me to keep my eyes and ears open, during the remainder of my stay in Europe, for signs of activity in Catholic quarters.

So far as my ears were concerned, I had not long to wait; for one evening the crooked streets of sleepy old Strasbourg began to echo with the blaring music of that attention-compelling instrument known as the *clairon*, and soon the whole city was acutely aware of the fact that the Catholic gymnasts had arrived for their international meet. In military troops, each headed by a priest, they tramped the streets for three solid days, between the events of the meet, blowing their *clairons* with a fervor that fairly made the windows rattle, and compelled university professors to pause in their lectures till the all-engulfing wave of sound had passed. Phlegmatic Strasbourg refused to be stirred—except to mirth—by this demonstration.

One of the newspapers dryly remarked that in spite of the 2,542,698-odd blasts blown by the besiegers, the walls of Strasbourg had not fallen! But to me, it seemed an impressive and significant phenomenon. Here you had an instance of the Church's method of keeping its hold on the young people by providing channels of expression for all their legitimate interests. The popularity of athletics is of very recent growth, at least in France, but already the priest is adding the functions of an athletic director to his other parish duties, and becoming the comrade and leader of the youth in this new field. Certain good Catholics, I

was told, were as shocked at the *cure's* first appearance on the athletic field as they were at his first appearance on a bicycle, but he has grown bold since his experience as a war chaplain, and dares to lower his ecclesiastical dignity considerably, if he may thus meet people "where they live." Similar tactics have been applied in the case of the Youth Movement in Germany, which at first was hostile to the Church, but has been given a religious tinge and in part brought under Church supervision by a group of priests who have become active participants in the movement.

Still more significant is the activity of the Catholics in the interest of social reform and international peace. I was first impressed with this when I attended the "International Democratic Congress" at Paris in December, 1921. This congress, attended by delegates from twenty-one different countries—many of them former enemies—was to my mind the most hopeful sign of the approaching recovery and regeneration of Europe that has appeared since the war, and I regret exceedingly that the jingoistic French press has robbed it of the attention it deserves by throwing a blanket of silence around it. Here for the first time, perhaps, a point of contact was established between the "men of good will," lovers of peace and social justice, who have hitherto been carrying on a losing fight, in their respective countries, against that aggressive nationalism, fostered by an autocratic social system, which brought Europe to its ruin; so that henceforth a concerted, united campaign is to be carried on simultaneously in all the countries of Europe, for the building of a new civilization in which the principles of democracy shall be applied to education and industrial organization as well as to government, and in which strife between classes and religious sects as well as between nations shall be done away.

Now who was it who conceived the noble and audacious idea of calling such a congress? It was a group of French Catholics, led by Marc Sangnier (member of the Chamber of Deputies) and his "National League for Democracy." They took pains to secure the co-operation of Protestants like Monod and Jezequel and even free-thinkers like Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, but they made no secret of the fact that their zeal for peace and fraternity had its source in their religion. One of the most dramatic moments in the public session I attended came when M. Sangnier dared to tell that huge Parisian audience that he and his Catholic associates had just received the Sacrament from the hands of an Austrian priest (one of the delegates), and had heard him celebrate a mass for the repose of the souls of *all* those who fell in the war. Another dramatic moment came when a message from the Vatican was read, giving Benedict XV's solemn benediction to the congress.

But surely, you will say, there is something paradoxical in this association of Catholicism and Democracy; is it not axiomatic that Catholicism always goes hand in hand with political autocracy and social reaction? Well, I can only say that, whatever the tradition may be, such is not the case to-day. Not merely a few individuals like Marc Sangnier, but the leaders of the Church in general, are deeply concerned with the task of social regeneration. At the *Institut Catholique* in Paris I heard lectures on social problems, broader and saner in their point of view than many a lecture I have heard in an American University. On the public bulletin-boards in many places—I am thinking particularly of Belgium and Bavaria—are to be seen the placards of the Catholic workingmen's guilds, side by side with those of the Socialists and Communists, and my impression is that they are gaining ground against these rivals by the inherent superiority of their policy; for their ultimate aim is not the "dictatorship of the proletariat" but the co-operation of Capital and Labor; and meanwhile they prefer to protect themselves against the unjust aggressions of Capital not by the strike and the other weapons of "class war" but by appealing to the public. The attitude of the Church on these matters is so sanely constructive and so thoroughly non-partisan that priests are sometimes asked to arbitrate in labor disputes. I read of one instance in which a plain parish priest settled a protracted strike by fearlessly telling both parties "just where they got off."

It is such facts as these we should take into consideration in formulating our attitude toward the Catholic advance. The usual Protestant reaction is to cry "Menace!" and brace oneself to withstand the onset. Too often we have seen fit to meet ruse with ruse, intrigue with intrigue, Knights of Columbus with Ku Klux Klan. In the present instance, I believe, any such reaction would be both stupid and ignoble. Not hostility but hearty congratulation and generous emulation should be our response, for the Catholic Church is winning out *on its merits*, and not merely by strategem.

European Protestants admit this. They feel that Catholicism is addressing itself to the all-important task of Christianizing our pagan civilization with a vigor that puts Protestantism to shame. M. Georges Rivals, commenting in the January (1922) number of *le Christianisme So ial* upon the Catholic conference at Toulouse on social problems, says, "And I, a Protestant, reflected that, while our Romanist brothers were daring, in the presence of prelates, senators, and conservative deputies, to utter somewhat harsh verities about mooted social problems, our great Synods, both conservative and liberal, were maintaining a too prudent reserve, and the Protestant Conference at Lille was passing five harmless resolutions about the Bible, alcohol, the diaconate, and obscene pictures." A still more startling remark was forced from the lips of a German theologian by the news of the murder of Rathenau, for which he held the nationalistic preaching of Lutheran pastors in part responsible: "The Catholics are our moral superiors; Protestantism is doomed unless we can rise to their level." In at least two senses I think he was literally correct. The Catholics are our superiors in their comparative freedom from narrow nationalism and in their almost total freedom from class prejudice. The Catholic Church is an organization overarching all national boundaries, and harboring all social classes on terms of equality. Protestantism originated in a nationalistic revolt against the international sway of the Papacy; and ever since Luther lost his chance to win the peasants by championing their cause, its influence has been mainly confined to the *"bourgeois"* or middle class. This is peculiarly true in Germany, of course, where a

State Church has fostered blind patriotism and totally alienated the working classes; but must we not confess that even American Protestantism has not fully shaken off the ancestral curse? Do we not tend to confuse Americanization and Christianization, and do we not signally fail to attract the working classes to our churches? Here the Catholic Church sends out to us a clear challenge. Can we meet it?

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

VI An Idyl

Agricola

ALONG the rocky hillsides between Bethlehem and the city of David travelers are still passing. The road winds among the hills as it did on that memorable night nineteen centuries ago. Donkeys still pick their way carefully over the stones. In the spring pale anemones come timidly out of the stony soil, though there are not enough of them to color the landscape. Across the hills one sees stubble fields of wheat and barley, and shepherds watching their flocks of sheep and goats, with the self same staffs that were used in the time of Abraham. Above at night the stars glitter brilliantly in the clear oriental sky. Men are coming and going to the little town that lies on the eastern hillside, looking down toward the desolate valley of the Dead Sea. In every one of the last nineteen hundred years they have been traveling this deeply worn highway.

It is a simple roadway such as is common in Judea. The hills are rounded as are others, there are the same stones and gullies and vegetation. But there is something here that touches the heart as nowhere else. You feel the magic of the place that has left its indelible impress on your whole being. You are conscious of no difference in the contour of the landscape, or the clearness of the air, and yet you have an exaltation of feeling that lifts you out of the commonplace of existence into a new and wonderful plane of being. As the ancient Bethlehem comes into view your tension changes into reverence, and a flood of religious feeling sweeps over you which you are quite powerless to resist. The spell of the East and of the wondrous Child holds you in its powerful influence as you tread the places made sacred by the holy tradition.

You may not have made in person the short journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, yet every year the magic spell comes back and renews its power over you. All the sacred stories learned in childhood creep over the soul and fold it in their soft embrace, until you become a willing captive in this land of dreams. Strange what beauty holds earth and air and sky at Christmas time. The world is transformed as you look at its physical aspects or into the faces of your fellow men.

There were no salvos of artillery that night to announce the coming of the royal messenger, only the star in the East lighting the way to the manger. What a simple event to live on and on through one century after another. It is a tribute to human nature that we respond annually so completely and beautifully to the magic influence. It is a supreme tribute to the Christ Child that his simple story still touches the heart of the world, and mellows its greed and passions into golden love on each recurring Christmas.

The Brooklyn Anniversary

Problems of Unity and Reorganization to the Front

"TO know what the Universalist Church does," said Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, "you should live for a time in a community where it does not exist. Wherever it has been built, it has helped open the gates a little wider to an understanding of God and man."

These words were part of a ringing address which Dr. Newton delivered at the eightieth anniversary of the Church of Our Father, in Brooklyn, on what was called Universalist Night.

"Universalism itself has changed in the past eighty years," Dr. Newton declared. "It has become more universal and not simply an anti-hell society. The Church at large has changed. We can not forget that in this city of Brooklyn Henry Ward Beecher uttered his mighty protest against excluding Universalists and Unitarians from the annual Sunday school parade—saying sectarian lines must not be drawn when little children march together.

"The preacher who is not a Universalist is a rarity. In England I did not know one preacher who was not a Universalist, although there were only two little Universalist churches in Great Britain, one in Scotland and one in London. Great writers like Robert Browning have been at work inducing men to believe that God is as good as a good man.

"The big question we are interested in to-night is whether the various kinds of hell right here in Brooklyn are going on with their work or are to be wiped out. Connected with that question is the question as to whether the organization of our Christian forces to do the work of this world is to be intelligent or unintelligent, efficient or inefficient.

"It will be interesting to watch the amalgamations and the realignments of the next ten and twenty years, Universalists are sure to have a place and a part in the new realignment. What is going to happen will be astonishing even to Universalists.

"A divided Protestantism is a tragedy in this modern world. To create the new unity of the liberal forces of the world, we have a part to play. We do not need to give up our history, our heroes, or our memo-

ries. We have the duty before us of coming into that new realignment and of doing our part for liberal Christianity in the future as we have in the past.

"We value our organization, but we value more the things the organization is constituted to promote. The truth is larger than our Church. Even our truth is larger than our Church."

Speaking of Dr. Potterton, Dr. Newton said: "Day by day, in every way, I love him better and better." To Mrs. Potterton also he paid a well deserved tribute.

Mr. H. L. Brant of the Church of Our Father presided and ministers of many of the Universalist churches of the Metropolitan District spoke.

Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nickelsen, pastor's assistant at All Souls Church, spoke of Dr. Potterton as one to whom she had been able to go with all of her sorrows, joys and problems and find the help of a true pastor.

Miss Rita Bertsch, pastor's assistant at the Church of Our Father, spoke of the church as having stood throughout its history to proclaim the Universal Love of God and "an invincible faith in man," and of her desire to help "even a little" in so great a work.

The Rev. Helene Ulrich, assistant minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity, spoke of two things for which the Universalist Church had stood and for which the United Liberal Church must stand in the future. First, a determination to follow the results of our thinking and a willingness that others should have the same privilege, and second, for brotherhood in action.

The Rev. B. B. Gibbs, pastor of the Church of the Good Tidings, paid a tribute to the Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., who ordained him, and to Dr. Potterton, his friend. He said further: "It would be one of the greatest misfortunes and one of the saddest days if the Universalist Church should be swallowed up or give up. We have a genius in us needed to send a thrill and impulse through the whole Christian world."

The Rev. C. J. Harris of Washington Heights, N. Y., said that the real way to make ourselves useful is to lose ourselves in the service of humanity. He also told how his congregation had worshiped in a Jewish synagogue one and one-half years when they had no place of their own, and that the Jews had refused repayment even for money spent in behalf of the Universalists.

The Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D., brought the congratulations of All Souls and said that these anniversaries have a two-fold value: First, they increase our self-respect. In the army self-respect was believed to be the foundation of all other virtues. Nobody can succeed if he has a mean opinion of himself. Second, these anniversaries teach us to think well of one another—build up the forces of understanding and good will.

Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., represented the *Universalist Leader*.

Dr. Potterton and Mr. Brant called attention to the fact that this year is the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Potterton, the fortieth of the building of the Church of Our Father and the eightieth of the organization of the society—the First Universalist Society of Brooklyn. Dr. Potterton made a happy and gracious response to the addresses. As he was about to speak, Mrs. Webb, a member of the church, stepped forward and testified feelingly to the healing power of his sympathy and his faith, and to the gratitude in which she held him.

Delegations were present from many of the churches of the Metropolitan District. The ladies of the Church of Our Father served refreshments.

This Old First Church of Brooklyn is called the Church of Our Father. In recent years it is the church of Thomas E. Potterton. Before him, Lewis E. Pease, A. J. Canfield, and Dr. C. Ellwood Nash served it.

Other names in the earlier history include Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Rev. Thos. B. Thayer, Rev. H. R. Nye, Rev. N. M. Gaylord, Rev. Charles Cravens, Rev. L. J. Fletcher, Rev. J. Y. Bartholomew.

In his "Century of Universalism" published fifty years ago, Abel C. Thomas tells the story of the beginnings of Universalism in New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. All Souls of Flatbush dates back to a Universalist movement begun in Williamsburg in 1845 by Universalist families from New York who sought "a less crowded place of residence." But the Church of Our Father dates from 1842.

Both movements had forerunners. All Souls could go back to 1883, when Rev. S. J. Hillyer held meetings in the little village of Williamsburg. And the Church of Our Father could go back to 1830, when Rev. Theophilus Fiske preached for several Sundays in Brooklyn, or to 1832 when a society was organized.

When the First and Second Unitarian movements of Brooklyn united in 1842, one of their buildings was given up and was at once leased by some Universalists who opened it for Universalist preaching April 3, 1842. There were supplies for a few weeks until Rev. Abel C. Thomas was secured. The society built its own church in 1843 at Pineapple and Fulton Streets and called it "The Brooklyn Tabernacle."

Two catastrophes overtook the youthful society. The meeting-house was burned in 1848 and in 1846 one of their best laymen, Wm. Burbank, was drowned in the "Atlantic Disaster" in Long Island Sound—staying valiantly on the wreck building rafts for others until it was too late to escape himself. He had been secretary of the first society formed in 1832 and is described by Thomas as "this truly excellent brother, steadfast in the beginning, patient in the waiting, workful in the progress, exultant in the triumph of our religious organization in Brooklyn." A granddaughter of Mr. Burbank attended the meeting. After the fire they built a new meeting-house, calling it appropriately the Church of the Restoration.

When in 1858 under Dr. Henry Blanchard a live progressive Sunday school launched out and leased a place for a branch Sunday school, they said they proposed to turn it into a second church. By 1863 the new meeting-house was up and they named it the Church of the Redeemer.

This was combined with the mother church later.

Of the later years of the history, Dr. Potterton writes as follows:

"The third pastor was Rev. H. R. Nye, D. D., who remained until Jan. 1, 1857. In February, 1857, came the Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D., a man of ripe scholarship and oratorical power. His able and compelling sermons during the Civil War were remembered

for years after the conflict had ended. In November, 1868, the property on Monroe Place was deeded to the 'New Church Society' for $40,000. Dr. Blanchard resigned his pastorate to take effect Jan. 1, 1869, and the society moved 'up-town.' Some years previous an offspring society of the First Church had been organized, worshiping in a church edifice on Greene Avenue, near Adelphi Street. It was deemed wise to unite the two societies, which was done, and in 1869 the learned and genial Dr. Edwin C. Bolles came from Portland, Me., to minister to the united church. In July, 1869, it was voted to purchase lots on Vanderbilt and Clermont Avenues, at a cost not exceeding $20,000, and to build a chapel on Clermont Avenue to seat 700 or 800 people. The new edifice was occupied June 19, 1870. Dr. Bolles terminated his pastorate in June, 1871. On the first of January, 1872, Dr. Nye commenced his second pastorate, and it was in this decade that the society lost its property, 'owning nothing and owing nothing.' Faulty judgment and worse business practises caused the disaster. Dr. Nye concluded his work in January, 1880. A period of wandering then became a part of the history of the First Society. In the early part of 1881 came the Rev. A. J. Canfield, D. D., under whose brilliant preaching, and the guidance of successful business men, the present fine building was erected.

"Upon his departure to Chicago in 1890, Dr. Canfield was able to record that three years previous the entire debt of the society had been paid. The property is valued at $100,000. Dr. Canfield was a man of warm-hearted geniality, and recognized as one of Brooklyn's strong preachers. In 1891, Dr. C. Ellwood Nash, a human dynamo, a great organizer and preacher, and a devoted churchman, became minister. Dr. Nash was chosen president of Lombard in 1895, making the pastorate again vacant. Rev. Lewis E. Pease, with zeal and earnest enthusiasm, served for nearly three years. Then came back the builder of the church, Dr. Canfield, for a brief pastorate, preceding his final work at All Souls, in Worcester, Mass. The present pastorate began in March, 1903."

It is interesting to note that Rev. Abel C. Thomas in 1872, speaking of his history of Universalism in Brooklyn, complained as follows: "This modern policy of letting Universalists alone had not been developed thirty years ago. (1842.) Brooklyn then had only 4,000 people, but Dr. Cox sent many a crowded sympathetic audience to the Tabernacle by revilings which no man of reputation would dare utter in this year of grace. The mystical merciless creeds of an age ago are parts of a discarded theology. In the ratio in which our principles have been absorbed the growth of our organization has been retarded."

The Advertising Problem

R. S. Kellerman

THERE have been some very fine things said, written and published lately in Universalist ranks. They deserve a much wider circulation and reading than they are likely to get. Fine open appeals are made for denominational advancement, and for national and international justice and mercy. They reach a very small number of our most active Universalists only, leaving a wider circle of Universalists, and those who are somewhat interested in our faith, untouched and uninformed.

I doubt if there is any greater need in our Church than some means, method, or machinery to carry our messages, sermons, addresses, plans and appeals that continue to be issued. Does any one imagine that the *Leader*, high in quality and low in price, goes into one-tenth of even our active Universalist families? Should not every Universalist, active or inactive, not to mention those who are asking about our "what, why and where," receive our appeals, plans, sermons and addresses? All of our splendid doctrinal literature falls far too short of its end and aim. Our Universalist effort should be vastly more universal. The rim of the universe should be its only barrier. It would be to the immediate help and growth of every local church, and of course therefore to our Church as one great body, if there were a practical way to put our message over personally to every individual who would read it. Is not this an important problem? Is it not fundamental? What good is the message if it is not put over? Certainly it is put over, but how much better it would be if it were put over farther! There are not many of us who would object to larger congregations and a larger reading constituency. This is a goal worth while—can it not be attained in some measure at least?

Advertising—that is the problem! Universalism, based on the Golden Rule and the Two Great Commandments with the power of Jesus behind them, ought to be advertised among all Universalists, active and inactive, and among those who will read our literature whose names we can obtain.

For more than a year I advertised Universalism and the Universalist Church in Greensboro, N. C., in the *Sunday News*. It had a regular circulation of about 25,000. It was a first-class paper. The advertisements were of different sizes, from two inches double column to twelve inches triple column. The same advertisement was not repeated. They varied widely. But they were always readable, educating, informing, and they frequently set out our doctrines in particular and pointed contrast with the doctrines of other Churches. They always included an announcement of our church services, my name and address, and an appeal to all who might be interested to write to me for free literature, books and information.

The chief result of this effort was our church in Greensboro, a monument worth while, of which every reader of the *Leader* knows. In addition to this the advertisements were widely read in the city and throughout the state, of which we have abundant evidence. They drew a large number of inquirers into our evening services. I have a list of nearly one hundred names in North Carolina alone of people who asked for tracts and books. Some asked the interpretation of passages of Scripture. Some wrote me

many times. Among these inquirers are professors, teachers, postmasters, bankers, editors, merchants, doctors and lawyers. The president of a college invited me to preach to the faculty and students on Universalism, and after I had spoken twice to the college would have had me again had I not come away. Women wrote me, members of Orthodox churches who said they did not get much "joy" out of their religion, asking what our Church teaches. They read many of our books. One editor carries our liberal doctrine in every issue of his monthly paper. A correspondent has a "sermonette" every week in the *Sunday News* in which he publicly expresses our liberal interpretations. He occupied my pulpit one Sunday. One professor at a Methodist college preached Univeralism in my pulpit. A postmaster who is a Baptist-college trained man now subscribes for the *Leader*, buys and reads our books, and gives his support to one of our churches in the eastern part of the state. And a young woman, a teacher, wrote asking me what our doctrines and claims were. In two weeks she wrote again, asking what were the conditions and requirements of membership in our Greensboro church. In another two weeks she sent me her application for membership. These are a few of the fruits of the advertising campaign in North Carolina. Should not the best of things—religion in all its riches of power to elevate, console and consecrate—be most advertised?

I have definite plans for a wide campaign of advertising, distributing our literature, carrying our appeals, and spreading a knowledge of Universalism, which I should like to see put into operation. Has our Church an interest in it? Will our ministers and people respond to it?

I, here and now, solicit personal replies to this article. Write to me if it interests you, and if you would like to have a hand in this advertising. If there is any general interest in this undertaking I will propose my plan, ask you to help mould it into workable shape, and assist me in putting it into operation.

* * *

MRS. PATTERSON SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE

WE venture to print a few sentences from a personal letter of Mrs. Theresa Homet Patterson, which were not written for publication, but which are full of vivid color and of the spirit of the Universalist Church.

Speaking of her visit to the work of the Rev. Hannah Powell at Sunburst, N. C., she says:

> "It was beautiful in the mountains, the river trailing around the foot of the Pyramids, the fire curling around their summits, the rhododendron and oak and spruce climbing their sides, making them soft in green and mahogany. I know of no lovelier bit of mountain than that before Miss Powell's door. Such trails run to cabins 'over yon.' They are red. They are soft to the feet. They curve, they dip, they rise, and then they seem to pause for views and the pure love of their mountain.
>
> "The human side is full of interest and part of it entirely new to me.
>
> "There was a funeral of a baby Sunday . . . Can't you hear the ring of the hammer as it nailed the cover down on the wooden box? And that poor little mother!"

Mrs. Patterson's letter was full of appreciation of the work of Miss Powell in Tennessee and of Mr. Gay's noble service in Chattanooga.

* * *

"UNITY" AND THE CHURCHES

SOME of our readers are still somewhat concerned at that they are pleased to call our constant "slamming of the churches." Do you realize, they ask, to what an extent you are harping on this string—never saying good but always evil of this historic institution? *Do you realize?*

Do we realize? Well, we should rather say we do! If there is any policy which *Unity* is following consciously, deliberately, with malice aforethought, so to speak, it is this policy toward the churches. Nor do we think, if our recalcitrant readers understood the situation, that they would object to what we are doing. On the contrary, we have faith to believe that they would every last one of them support our policy to the limit. Therefore, let us have some things now definitely understood!

First of all, in a large part of what we are saying about the churches, we are not arguing or debating or denouncing at all, but simply stating facts—the ugly, discouraging, damning facts about church attendance, church membership, church influence, etc., which the religious press of the country is not only refusing to acknowledge but actually conspiring to cover up. We contend that these facts ought to be known in the name of truth, if nothing more; and we propose that *Unity*, in lieu of a better and more influential medium, shall do its utmost to make them known. Whatever the facts are, w shall publish them. That, when accurate and well-founded, these facts are almost invariably depressing, is not our fault.

In the second place, in what we say about the churches, we are offering not merely the facts which indicate that the churches are dying, but the definite opinion that they ought to die. The churches, as most of them exist to-day, have no more to do with the realities of religion than the old-time temple worship of the Roman Empire. Their creeds, their prayers, their practises, their pieties, are as alien to modern life and thought as the Ptolemaic theory of the universe. The churches are not even ethically sound or spiritually courageous; every vital question of the hour—capital and labor, war and peace, sex and marriage—they either dodge, or else answer in terms of dead conventionality. Nearly all the real religion there is in the world at this present moment, is outside the churches, exactly as it was when Christianity, a proletarian movement of social, political and spiritual revolt, first made its appearance in the classic world. To get rid of the dead ecclesiasticism of the day and foster the fresh spiritual revivals which know not church nor priest, is as clearly the service of religion in our time, as to oppose the temple-worship and support the cult of the Christ was the service of religion in the time of the Caesars.

Thirdly and lastly, in what we say about the churches, we do not destroy for the mere sake of destroying. We offer no program of mere negation. On the contrary, we would beg our readers to note that we have a well thought-out, thorough-going con-

structive program of our own for the substitution of "new churches for old." We have no illusions about this program. It is experimental and therefore tentative, it is nowhere, so far as we have been able to discover, being worked out to any perfect or ideal results. But its basis—not in theology, or ritual, or ecclesiastical organization, but in the community life of the people—we believe to be sound; and upon it we expect to see reared a new religious fabric as significant in our day as was Protestantism in the days of the passing of the Middle Ages.

In these three points lies the explanation of *Unity's* attitude toward the churches. We do not ask that it be accepted. We do ask that it be understood.—*John Haynes Holmes in Unity.*

* * *

WHAT WE SAID ABOUT SOCIALISTS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

We often speak at our house of the great improvement in the *Leader* during the last few months. (Or is it years?) I still look forward to its arrival with as much interest as I did twenty years ago when I was thinking about the ministry as a possible profession. Perhaps this gives me a right to say that some of the recent editorials seem to me to be as cantankerous as you have accused me of being from time to time in certain articles submitted but not published. In speaking of socialists you say that "the vast majority of our consecrated ministers hold to the doctrine of private property." Thereby you certainly seem to imply that (1) socialist ministers are not consecrated and (2) socialists do not believe in private property. Do you really think that there are any more socialists who are "only half-baked intellectually" than there are Democrats and Republicans in the same fix? Your whole editorial, while it contains statements of truth, is nevertheless an illustration of that very discrimination which you deny.

And that article against Holmes and his peace views, concluding with its apology for the next war—do you really think it is necessary for an exponent of the religion of to-morrow to give even slender support to those who are already seeking to involve the world in another catastrophe, kill off all individuals of high intelligence, and leave the affairs of nations in the hands of those who are under twelve years of age mentally and can comprehend no other religion than a backward Orthodoxy? Will this save our national honor or promote the brotherhood of man? Is this in conformity with the Golden Rule? Will it not rather be an illustration of the certainty of just punishment for sin?

Elmo A. Robinson.

* * *

ON THE KU KLUX KLAN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am moved again, through a sense of fairness, to take issue not with another writer (as I did when Rabbi Stephen S. Wise wrote his screed against the Ku Klux Klan), but with the editor himself for his "The K. K. K." leading editorial in the Dec. 2 issue of the *Universalist Leader.*

Of course I am aware as Universalists we are more or less isolated from bigotry in contending with our faith, being all-embracing and believers in the final good to all mankind. With a faith as broad as ours we can well afford to "wink at" the narrowness of the average creed, so long at least as the ones holding such beliefs *live up to the best light that is in them.*

However, with the war hysteria still so near us, with dangerous doctrines and propaganda being scattered broadcast through our land, with all religious organizations groping for the light and churches growing dark, with loss in wholesale of membership, young people shunning church work and old people growing callous and careless of their positions in the church, and the "Ancient Enemy" seeking to fasten upon us once more the religious yoke—themselves fanning the flames of hate—what are we to do?

During eight years of Tumulty reign in the White House Romanism got back many lost points of vantage, and being in the saddle they ill can afford to give peace or place to the wrath which a free Americanism insists shall again be guaranteed—and from them alone can any possible objection be raised against the doctrine of the K. K. K., which stands upon a pure American foundation.

I have studied the K. K. K. movement consistently and prayerfully since the attempted *expose* in Congress a couple of years ago. I am not delegated to speak for them now, either pro or con, and perhaps know no more about them than does the average American who by that birthright is made eligible for membership in the organization, but I am sincere in believing that America stands in need just now of some real American propaganda. I believe that we need to get back to normalcy in thinking and in acting, that we need to return to our "first love" of freedom, or that we stand in danger of seeing our candlestick removed.

If Americanism isn't the hope of the world now, what is our hope? If we are not called upon to stabilize American ideas, exalt Americanism in the schools and in our cherished right of freedom to worship God according to our own dictates, what is the call? If getting back to a union of Church and State is desirable, where the old right of peaceable assembly would be denied and where life itself would hang on our compliance to a set of religious rules, is desired, all we need do is to sit supine and permit "boring from within" and let the K. of C. secret organization, the blunderbus of Romanism, turn the trick.

Where can you find a more exclusive, secret order than the same K. of C. order, which equires membership in the Roman Catholic Church before eligibility for membership? Can Universalists, Protestants or Jewish people of all classes join the K. of C. order? No, No! Can negroes join the K. of C. order? Yes, if they first join the Catholic Church

Then what is the fight against K. K. K.ism? Simply that you must be an American citizen, free from church tangles and owning allegiance to nothing but American ideals and American principles.

Who is against the K. K. K.? Romanism, and all forms of non-American religions and political thought.

They are not, as a whole, against the negro. Like all other organizations sectionalism has its part

in the doctrine of the K. K. K., and in the South where they have not forgotten that the negro is free, that he is a human, and in a large sense *truly American*, there are still those who wish to keep this issue in the K. K. K.—but even at that no one hears of the K. K. K. pursuing a negro as an enemy, but the feeling of white supremacy is kept in the foreground only as a basis of stronger Americanism, for after all it was the white race who freed the negro, who brought him out of ignorance and who are helping to make of him a true blue American citizen.

There is, as the editorial says, a call on Universalists to remember that there is a great gulf between compelling men to do right and helping them to do so—and the K. K. K. is working along that line in *helping* to guarantee for every man, regardless of his race or color, the fullest possible opportunity to be right.

As a Universalist and American I deny the right of any organization to fasten us again to a Church from which we severed ourselves centuries agone, paying in blood for the right of freedom of thought, freedom of worship and of genuine liberty.

This is what the Romanists are trying to take from us, and Americans will resent it with every ounce of blood, be he a K. K. K. member or just a plain American loving individual—and until the Romanists get out of the saddle and cease their efforts toward stirring up strife there will be a place for the K. K. K., even if Americans as a whole see it or not! Romanism and the K. of C. are responsible for the K. K. K.

Wm. D. Harrington.

* * *

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

My attention has been called to a statement in the issue of the *Leader* of the second of December concerning the Ku Klux Klan. This statement is as follows: "Probably few of its own members would object to the statement that the Ku Klux Klan is a secret society of those in sympathy with certain religious organizations to antagonize another secret society composed of men affiliated with another religious organization."

I do not know what authority you have for this statement, but any one acquainted in the slightest degree with the history of the movement would know that there was not the least foundation in fact for the statement. Of course what you mean is that the Ku Klux Klan was organized to antagonize the Knights of Columbus. Neither side to the controversy would think any the less of you if you would say what you mean. The Klan is an organization of native-born American Protestants, pledged to certain principles of moral, spiritual, and civic life. These principles are well known to every one that cares to read the literature of the order. Among them are these: The religion of Jesus Christ, separation of Church and State, education of children in a free public school, and the severance of any and all allegiance to a foreign power. These are the points upon which the Catholic order bases its charge against the Klan. It is obvious of course that this is not the real reason for their enmity, as the same thing might be said against the Masonic fraternity, but in our day there has been no demonstration against that order. If I might venture a guess I would say that the real reason is that the Klan is the only order that has met and defeated Catholicism at its own game, secrecy and political intrigue.

Now I hold no brief for the Klan. I am not a member (most preachers are among the excluded class, as I understand they require a $10 fee to join), nevertheless I like to see every man regardless of his convictions receive a square deal. Also there are men of my church who are Klansmen, and they are entitled to consideration by you, their official church organ. Therefore I am asking you to correct your statement. You have my permission to either publish my letter or use my name as your authority. I like to deal in the open and am not hiding behind a war record or a published account of my experiences.

John R. Hand,
Pastor Cunot Community Church.

* * *

DOOMED

I am fearful that my beagle,
That I've loved for years and years
And still cherish, soon will perish
From this place of wrath and tears.
I'll be left a glum and lonely
And a melancholy man,
For my beagle bit a Kleagle
Of the Ku Klux Klan.

He was playing in the orchard,
At the setting of the sun,
When a solemn, sheeted column,
Up the road came on the run;
And the man who through his mask peered,
As he led the mystic van
Like an eagle, was a Kleagle
Of the Ku Klux Klan.

Playfully the beagle gambled
To the center of the street,
Gaily yipping, slyly nipping
At the long and flowing sheet,
And eftsoons his teeth were tearing
At the ankle of a man—
Luckless beagle—at the Kleagle
Of the Ku Klux Klan.

Awful is the Kluxian vengeance:
Ere another year goes by,
I am fearful that my cheerful
Little puppy dog must die.
Haply, I shall vanish also,
Ere my years round out their span,
For my beagle bit a Kleagle
Of the Ku Klux Klan.

James J. Montague, in Boston Globe.

* * *

A MESSAGE FROM THE FAR EAST

ONE of the best informed students of Eastern affairs, who has been familiar with Oriental conditions for a quarter of a century, has sent to the Research Department, under date of Oct. 1, an impressive account of the present situation in Korea under Japanese rule. He reports a new spirit of independence and courage sustained in spite of imprisonment and persecution, and "an entrance of liberal and radical thought which is now

flooding this ancient hermit nation." Two forces are at work shaping a new Korea, "the inner, silent, spiritual leaven of Christianity working through churches, schools, hospitals and institutions," and "the outward, iron frame-work of the stern, efficient militaristic rule of Japan." Japanese rule, however, has undergone a great change from the utterly indefensible *regime* of a few years ago with which the world has become familiar. Baron Saito, the Governor-General, is described as a man of humane temper and conciliatory policy who has instituted many reforms. Baron Kato, the new Japanese Premier, is accredited with a fine spirit of truth and honor. "There is an increased measure of liberty of thought, of speech, and of the press; the inauguration of local self-government, the participation of Koreans in the district and national government; a creditable increase in education; the abolition of whipping, and of the former forcible attempt to assimilate the Koreans; concessions to the national sentiment of the people, and a manifest effort on the part of Japanese officials for conciliation and friendship. . . . Full freedom was permitted for open-air meetings which were attended by from three to seven thousand people every night. I talked freely of world affairs, of recent revolutions and the new republics of Europe, of political, social and industrial advance, and of the rising demand for democracy, for social justice, and for liberty throughout the world."

The Japanese *regime* in Korea thus has to its credit achievements which must be realized in spite of the price paid for them in the liberties of the people governed. "An impartial observer is struck by the outstanding changes and substantial gains here. There is a new security that Korea never knew under her own corrupt and grafting emperor and officials. There is a new material development, a new opportunity for advancement, a new sanitation, the introduction of more scientific farming, a new industrial development, the replanting of forests, better courts, much needed prison reforms, more honest official administration, and more material prosperity than Korea had known under her own government. No unprejudiced observer can deny that the material gains of the first decade of Japanese rule, from 1910 to 1920, are remarkable. The population has increased from some 13,000,000 to over 17,000,000. The trade has multiplied seven-fold. Over 500,000 pupils are in the over-crowded schools of all grades, while the children in the government schools have increased three-fold in the decade. The number of commercial companies has increased from 152 to 544; the factories show an eight-fold increase from 252 to some 1900. The mining of the country has increased four-fold. The Koreans are undeniably more prosperous to-day than they were ten years ago. They have lost a large measure of liberty, but they have gained a new discipline, a new patriotism, a new courage and a new national spirit."

The writer pays tribute to the character and courage of the Korean people which have apparently reacted upon the spirit and temper of the governing nation. "The Koreans are a splendid people, hearty, courageous, independent, with their spirit tempered by much persecution and former injustice. The majority of the pastors and lay leaders with whom I talked had been in prison. They counted this a greater honor than any university diploma. This new courage, enterprise, and patriotism were unknown by the masses under their own government. Side by side a new and liberal Japan and a new Korea with free and courageous spirit are developing."—*Federal Council Bulletin.*

(We happen to know the correspondent of the Federal Council, his long experience in many lands and his ability to get at the facts. We print his report with the conviction that it will interest our people and with regret that we can not print his name. *Editors.*)

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

A Parable of Christmas Stockings

THE daughter of the daughter of Keturah spake unto me, saying, Grandpa, Christmas is coming.

And I said, Already have I been reminded of that fact.

And she said, I shall hang up my Stocking, and I know there will be something in it from Grandpa and Grandma.

And I have a suspicion that she is correct in her expectation.

Now when I was her age, I believed in Santa Claus, but the children of this generation outgrow their illusions sooner than did we. And she hath given up Santa Claus for Grandpa, and it is not so bad a trade at that.

And we sat and talked about the Christmas Stocking, and all that it shall hold.

And I said unto Keturah, and likewise unto the daughter of Keturah, also unto the daughter of the daughter of Keturah:

Life is a Christmas Stocking. It is long and deep. It yieldeth not all its riches at the first, but its benefits must be taken out of the top, one by one. The Bag of Candy in the toe and the big red Apple in the top have between them all manner of good things, which must be taken out one by one.

We are all children, and we seek too often to live life all at once, but we can not do it. The good God who giveth life unto us permitteth us to take out its joys and sorrows only one by one. They are not all alike, and some of the Prettiest are most Disappointing. The Little Woolly Sheep that cryeth Ba hath a bellows that breaketh soon. The Patent Top that singeth is so ingenious that it doth seldom spin. The gains of life bring with them their Inevitable Solemnities. The Stocking itself is not wholly gay in its color, and there be some who say it is black. But Christmas cometh and goeth, and other days come, and there is something always to pull out of the Stocking of life, and I have found much more that is glad than sorrowful.

Wherefore do I say unto the daughter of the daughter of Keturah, and unto all the sons and daughters of men:

May joy be yours in the possession of the great Christmas gift of Life. For every man who is born hath his own birthday as it were a Christmas, and the an-

els sing above him their song of welcome and good will. And every man hath his long Stocking of life, with its presents stuffed in, one upon the top of the other. Take life as it cometh, for there is no other way in which it can be taken. Thou canst not take out life's blessings from the farther end, nor hast thou strength or wit enough to rip them out of the middle. Take them patiently out of the top, and enjoy them, one by one. And if there be those that seem not joyful, even of them do thou make the best, for these have their value in the long Stocking of life's Diversified Experiences. And on the day when gifts are numbered and exchanged, and faith is renewed in Santa Claus and his far scattered family, may yours be the full, rich joy of all the good and blessing which thou canst take out of what God hath stuffed into the Stocking for that day.

Yea, and Keturah, who on this day gathereth her children and her children's children about her, earnestly desireth for each one of you, a very Happy Christmas.

* * *

KANSAS STATE CONVENTION

James Houghton

The Kansas Universalist Convention met in its fifty-second annual session in the "New Universalist Church" in Hutchinson at 7.30 p. m. Friday, Dec. 1, 1922. The Rev. Fred A. Line of Tulsa, Oklahoma, president, presided.

Services of worship were conducted Friday and Saturday nights, Sunday at eleven and Sunday night. Saturday was devoted to the business of the Convention.

On Friday night services of praise were conducted by the acting pastor, the Rev. James Houghton. The opening prayer was by the Rev. Albert W. Altenbern, of Junction City.

After the roll call and appointing of the sessional committees the welcome of the parish was extended by Senator Carr W. Taylor. Mr. Taylor's address was one of vision and breathed a fine spirit of fellowship. To this welcome the Rev. A. W. Altenbern made a fitting response.

The Convention sermon by Mr. Line portrayed the nobler future shaping out of the materials of to-day, and challenged to the larger service which a growing world demands.

At the close of the evening's program a reception was given the delegates and visitors in the social rooms of the church.

Saturday was a busy day, opening with praise and prayer at 9 a. m., and closing at 5 p. m., with a touching service in memory of the late Mrs. Emma J. Kennard of Lawrence, for many years a pillar in her local church, officer of the Convention and leader in the state W. C. T. U.

The reports from societies showed substantial gains in church members, Sunday schools, missionary societies and in social circles and their activities.

The treasurer's report revealed very material increase in the finances of the Convention. The report of the Southwest Superintendent also revealed a great increase in both the activities of that office and in the contributions secured by him to the state missionary work.

The president's address, among other things, called attention to the splendid achievements of the past year, one of the most, if not the most, constructive in our entire history. The chief significance of this is that with this more ample foundation we may build still larger in the year just before us. This address sounded the key note of the entire Convention.

Among the recommendations adopted were: Continuing the present appropriation to the Southwest Superintendent; giving the board of trustees full authority to handle the Seneca property; contributing $100 to the "Washington Memorial Perin-Cate House" movement; transferring $500 from the current to the permanent fund; appealing to the General Convention to continue financial assistance to the Hutchinson church; expressing appreciation of the hospitality of the Hutchinson parish.

The following officers were elected: President, Hon. Loring Trott; vice-president, Chester M. Routledge; secretary, Rev. James Houghton; treasurer, James A. Day; trustee for three years, Rev. Albert W. Altenbern. Fellowship Committee, Rev. Seward Baker, Rev. James Houghton, and Mrs. Mary Pierce Gillett. Place of meeting next year, Junction City.

The Kansas W. U. M. A. created a fund to be known as the Emma J. Kennard Memorial Fund.

The officers-elect of the W. U. M. A. are: President, Mrs. A. W. Altenbern; vice-president, Mrs. Mary R. Seymour; secretary, Mrs. Fred Briggs; treasurer, Mrs. Alonzo Bradbridge.

The Convention was forward-looking and constructive throughout. The offering for the Gunn Fund was nearly double that of any former Convention.

The sermon Saturday night by the Rev. A. W. Altenbern was a very helpful message indeed. Sunday's services were a fine climax to the sessions. The Sunday school was in charge of Mrs. Chester M. Routledge, superintendent of the Hutchinson Sunday school. The communion was in charge of the pastor, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Altenbern. Both sermons were by the Rev. Lewis B. Fisher, D. D., dean of Ryder Divinity school.

At the evening service four members were received into the church. These included Mrs. Lola Graber Mustain, whose wonderful singing added so much to all the services of the Convention.

* * *

A CONTRIBUTION FROM A UNIVERSALIST PREACHER

The following sentences taken from an article in the *Nation* entitled "The Church's One Salvation," by J. D. Bush, seem clever enough to pass on:

"The United States, in its naive way, has a 'Go-to-Church Week,' but methods of artificial respiration are not enough to sustain life. What, one may ask in sober honesty, is there to take any one to church? Why should we assemble once a week, not to seek God, but to congratulate ourselves on having found Him, and on thoroughly understanding the plans which He promulgated some centuries ago? . . . Eddying about in its sixteenth-century backwater the Church sees the stream of humanity rushing by to an unknown ocean, and proclaims that it is rushing to destruction. . . . And yet the Church might be, what it strangely thinks it is, a leader, and its religion might be religion, instead of being one of the less interesting branches of archeology. Advances in religious thought have always been concessions, belated concessions, to hostile criticism, but the moral of the fact has never borne fruit. . . . There have been, and are, saintly characters to whom God and Jonah are inseparable; one falls with the other. . . . The Christ of Orthodox religion is a combination of an Oriental conjurer and the Prince Consort. While Christianity was perhaps never in such disfavor as it is to-day, there certainly never was a time when Christ, the man, commanded more universal reverence, particularly among enemies of his Church.

"The present generation does not read the Bible. From every point of view that is lamentable, but the reason is not far to seek. The Church has insisted that it is God's word, that it came down from heaven—neatly printed and bound by the Oxford Press. Well, as a result, the circulation has fallen off. If preachers would only lose confidence in their knowledge of God, and proclaim with all their power that the Bible is not His word, but man's, the greatest of human documents, there would be no need to put a copy in every hotel room—for drummers to calculate their expense accounts in. To the present generation truth, from the mouth of God, is little more inspiring than a copy-book maxim—and very hard for Sunday school teachers to comprehend and expound. If I were God I should appreciate it if mankind would stop fastening its Orthodoxies upon me."

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

A BENEDICTION

God grant you ever see the silver lining
And glimpse the stars behind the dark clouds shining;
God grant you grace to sing a cheery song,
Make your own sunshine as you go along;
Turn on our tired world a glory-face
Through which all human hearts God's love may trace!

A. D. Putnam.

A SECRET BIRTHDAY

Rose Brooks

"HITCH up Nancy and drive to Bolton to-day—now, this minute, right after breakfast?" repeated Jimsy, joyously, but a little aghast at such a drastic upsetting of farm routine.

"Yes, your two ears did hear right," Aunt Margaret threw back with a gay laugh at his amazement. "I'll have the dishes done by the time you have Nancy at the door. Home for luncheon? Indeed not. I've sandwiches and cookies already packed, and for Uncle Ben there's enough food cooked to last three days. He's perfectly willing to get his own luncheon out of the ice-box to-day and to-morrow."

"Three days!" Jimsy's idea of Aunt Margaret's unswerving attendance to household details was undergoing a thorough upset. "Are we going to Bolton for three days?" he asked meekly, feeling prepared for anything.

"Oh, no," Aunt Margaret answered. "We'll be back in time to get dinner on the table—it's all ready to warm up. But to-day's mine, and to-morrow's mine—two days out of the year I'll not give up for anybody or anything. Too much fun in them for me."

"Why this very Wednesday and Thursday?" queried Jimsy, feeling himself on the edge of the most exciting happening of the whole happy year on Uncle Ben's California farm.

"You know and I know that once begun there's never an end to a little boy's questions, Jimsy," said Aunt Margaret, as she began briskly to clear the table. "You just trot along and hitch up Nancy, and you'll not forget to slip on your barn overalls while you do it. You're clean as a whistle now, and we want to get under way without time spent in changing clothes. Scamper! It'll take an hour, as you know, for Nancy to jog to Bolton, and we'll ask and answer questions all the way."

Atingle with curiosity, Jimsy fled for the barn, backed out the light buggy, overalled himself according to prom , brushed Nancy's fat brown sides, and threw the harness over her back. Not a buckle baffled him—hadn't he learned to harness the first day he came? Old Nancy gave a deep, dusty sigh as she lifted her head out of the manger to accept the bit from Jimsy's small fingers.

"Ready, Aunt Margaret!" he called ten minutes later, as he drew Nancy up at the side door with a flourish of the whip, which he never touched to her back!

Instantly Aunt Margaret popped out the door, hatted and coated, and carrying two capacious baskets which she tucked in behind. Pencil and pad in hand, she settled herself beside Jimsy and remarked, "I've got the list in my head, but I'll just jot down the items as we jog along," Yes, indeed, Jimsy always drove whenever he and Aunt Margaret fared forth together.

"Picture-book and crayons for little Sally Morton," she murmured, writing as she spoke. "She's in bed with a broken leg," she explained in an absent aside to Jimsy. "Poor tot! Only five."

"Magnifying-glass for old 'Uncle Tom,' " she went on, again writing. "Poor 'Uncle Tom' can't read his newspaper without one, and he broke his," she enlightened Jimsy.

"Cat collar, red if I can find one, with good bells on it that really ring," went down item three. "That's for Johnny Stone—you know, the hayer's little boy. Never saw a little rascal so fond of animals. Has a big cat he loves as if it were a baby, and he has tamed a chipmunk—couldn't resist the chipmunk any more than he can help loving the cat—and now he hasn't a minute's peace for fear the cat will catch the chipmunk. Guess bells on old Snoopie's collar may solve the problem.

"Copper dishcloth for old Mrs. Brown. Never heard of one, she said the last time I was there, and I know she'll never get herself one. But let her once use one!" Aunt Margaret's voice was rapturous.

So the list grew. In a pause Jimsy ventured triumphantly: "I know! Christmas presents, ahead of time, just to have 'em all planned and ready!"

"Christmas presents?" Aunt Margaret's voice was distant, as again the pencil wrote busily. "Mercy, no, child!" she finished as the pencil stopped. "More fun than Christmas, even!"

Jimsy pondered, but seeing no light as the list lengthened, he asked: "How many are there, Aunt Margaret? I didn't know anybody knew so many people."

Silence as Aunt Margaret murmured to herself and added item to item. "Oh, how many people?" she answered at last. "Why, you know the smaller the place you live in the more friends you have, and you see we live in no place at all, but on a farm, so I have a great many. It's the country air that spreads friendship," she went on, smiling into Jimsy's brown questioning eyes. "There, my list is finished. Won't we have fun shopping and crossing off the items! But we're half-way there, and I haven't kept my promise about answering questions, so you begin. I can't answer till you ask."

Jimsy considered, but was hopeless of a clue. "Is it any of their birthdays?" he asked finally. "It can't be all their birthdays. Which one is it, if it's anybody's?"

"It's nobody's on my list," said Aunt Margaret. But you're warm on the trail. It's somebody's irthday. How'd you guess?"

"But you said it wasn't Christmas. Whose irthday?"

In her turn Aunt Margaret considered. "Nobody knows that, except Uncle Ben," she said finally. And nobody in the world could pry a secret out of im. As for you, Jimsy, I think I'll tell you. I beeve you're a well of secrecy, too, once you've given our word."

"I won't tell," said Jimsy, wriggling happily to hink he was to share a big secret.

"Well, then, it's my birthday," was Aunt Margaret's astonishing reply.

"Your birthday!" gasped Jimsy, feeling in his ocket to see if by good luck a dime might have odged there, unbeknown.

Interpreting the gesture, Aunt Margaret took he seeking hand in hers. "Yes, my birthday. And hat's what I don't want anybody in the world to do—ive me a present on my birthday."

"Don't the people on your list"—began Jimsy, nore mystified than ever.

"No, nobody knows when my birthday is except Jncle Ben, and now you. And neither of you will tell —ever—and spoil my fun."

"I didn't know anybody gave away a lot of presents. I thought other people who knew it was your birthday gave you presents," said Jimsy, disjointedly, eeling his established world turned bottomside up.

"Just what it's all right for every little boy to hink," said Aunt Margaret, with a pat on the chubby ree hand. "But it's fun to change things around ometimes, when you're all grown up—which won't e for a long time, for you."

"But all grown-ups don't give"—Again Jimsy's oice trailed into puzzled silence.

"I'm just a queer old aunt," said Aunt Margaret, 'and I haven't any little boys and girls to give birthday parties for, so—you see, I'm telling you the whole tory because you're almost my own little boy—every ear I add another item to my list. As many years s I am old, that's how many items there are. If I lidn't set a limit, I couldn't ever stop," she sighed egretfully. "Sometimes, though, I simply have to dd one-to-grow-on!"

"Well!" was Jimsy's only comment. After a ull two minutes' silence he asked, "What do they hink—all those people you give presents to?"

"I know," Aunt Margaret chuckled. "You'd hink they might get their heads together sometimes nd guess the reason, but, thank goodness, they haven't, o far. They live pretty far apart and don't see one another often, and O Jimsy, they're such tiny, iny gifts! I wish each one was a hundred dollars,— hat's what I wish; but egg money doesn't run into millions"—

"Egg money?" repeated Jimsy, vacantly. "Do you spend all your own egg money for other people on your own birthday?"

"I'd like to know what other way I could spend it to get one-tenth the fun!" said Aunt Margaret, patting a familiar worn pocketbook in her lap.

Never before had Jimsy been on a shopping expedition that interested him, but on this, not one purchase would he have missed. Nancy, patiently flicking flies, drowsed under an oak while he and Aunt Margaret, each carrying a basket, went from store to store, heads bent together over counters, package added to package in the baskets, item after item crossed off till the very last was scored out.

"Well!" Again it was Jimsy's only comment, as he lifted his basket into the buggy, beside Aunt Margaret's.

And the next day? The next morning Aunt Margaret again washed the breakfast dishes quickly and again Jimsy scampered to harness Nancy, and again a package of luncheon accompanied them on their travels. From house to house they jogged, and at each Aunt Margaret invented an errand. "Would Mrs. Brown let her copy the receipt for that delicious gingerbread she brought to the neighborhood picnic? And oh, she'd brought a copper dishcloth—she did want Mrs. Brown to try it on kettles that had 'stuck on'."

Or, "Was little Sally better this morning? And might she shake some seeds out of that lovely lemon-colored hollyhock? She did so want the color in her garden next year. And she was in Bolton the other day and saw a book which might amuse Sally. Might she take it up? Dear, patient little Sally!"

No one's joy (and it was pure joy Aunt Margaret left behind her at every house) exceeded that of the small owner of the chipmunk-stalking cat. "Doesn't he look 'dressed up for Sunday'!" Johnny shouted ecstatically, buckling the red collar around Snoopie's gray throat. "There, you old rascal, you can't take a single step now without ringing your bells!"

Fun! When old Nancy jogged Aunt Margaret and Jimsy home at nightfall, no two people had had a happier day, no, no two in the world.

"Guess 'Uncle Tom' can read his paper all right now!" chuckled Jimsy. "How'd you ever think of it, Aunt Margaret?"

And Aunt Margaret, weary but beaming, said, "Well, I'm so happy in this world, I just have to put up a little milestone for every year."

"I guessed Christmas," said Jimsy, "and it wasn't, but it's most the same, only it's different."

Whereat Aunt Margaret laughed and hugged him, both at the same time, and said, "I never thought before about it's being a bit like Christmas, but whatever it's like, I couldn't feel one bit happier inside than I do this blessed minute."

(*All rights reserved.*)

* * *

DEBTOR

So long as my spirit still
Is glad of breath
And lifts its plumes of pride
In the dark face of death;
While I am curious still
Of love and fame,
Keeping my heart too high
For the years to tame,
How can I quarrel with fate
Since I can see
I am a debtor to life,
Not life to me?

Sara Teasdale.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Shoes of the Wind. By Hilda Conkling. $1.60.

Hilda is a real poet and a real child, unspoiled by the praise showered upon her—a rare and enchanting combination!

Locust trees in bloom are the source of her title—

"Their buds hang like green fruit—
They are shoes of the wind—"

and there are about 170 bits of free verse, free as the air or a bird's trill, some with quaint twinkles at the end, and one rhymed song supposed to be sung by the Moon. Listen to this definition of Joy:

"Joy is not a thing you can see,
It is what you feel when you watch waves breaking,
Or when you peer through a net of woven violet stems
In spring grass.
It is not sunlight, not moonlight,
But a separate shining.
Joy lives behind people's eyes."

The Amouretta Landscape and Other Stories. By Adeline Adams. $2.00.

This charming group is unique in workmanship and in atmosphere, which is of art and artists.

The title story is of a painter and a landscape which made an instantaneous hit and sale at the Court of New Departures; Bits of Clay is of the debut of a young and undiscovered artist under trying circumstances; The Young Lady in Blue, of a "vanished hand," a wonderful bit of pink marble, and a senator with determination backed by wealth; C'est Une Taupe, of "a pale little Pierre, with a bay-window brow," who can tell the world, and "the world listens, and repeats, and is wise;" Their Appointed Rounds, of a boy with a poem in his pocket, a shabby man, the Iliad, and an epitaph; Speaking of Angels, of rosy-eared Apollos and Phineas the descendant of a Signer, who began as models and emerged as artists; The Marquis Goes Donkey-Riding, of a marvelous Lafayette porringer, the Alexanders, and a free translation; The Face Called Forgiveness, of a beautiful portrait that tells the saddest story; and The Artist's Birthday, of a child of three who overnight becomes a boy sculptor.

Christmas Light. By Ethel Calvert Phillips. Illustrations in color. $1.50.

This sweet little story of the first Christmas will find its way from many a parent and teacher to many a child.

Naomi, the daughter of Samuel the weaver, lives with her father, mother, brother Ezra and little Jonas in Bethlehem. She gives Ezra her precious four poppies, the only flowers in her garden, for Three Legs, a lamb not fit for the Temple flock because of a shrunken leg, and from the poor little creature contracts a disease of the eyes that makes her blind. Everything the parents can think of is tried, but even the Angel of the Pool fails them.

Ezra is in the fields with the shepherds when the Star shines upon them, and he takes Naomi to the stable, where at the touch of the Baby's hands her sight is restored. And she gives her dear donkey, Michmash, for the Flight into Egypt.

Saddle Songs. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. $1.50.

"What Kipling was to the English soldier, Knibbs is to the mountains, deserts and trails of the far West. The present volume is full of the great outdoors, of melody, "the intimate companionship of saddle, spur and gun" and "the touch of homely human things."

Here are two little bits from A Broncho Shod with Wings:——

"My dog's affection chides my soul for that I may not be
One half the loyal gentleman his eyes have mirrored me."

"My horse that nickers in the field and points his slender ears
Has taught me more of gratitude than all the singing years."

The Tale of Triona. By William J. Locke. $2.00.

We quite agree with you that Locke has done better, but it is an interesting story for all that.

Olivia Gale is desolately lonely after her mother's death, and plans to lease The Towers and leave drowsy Medlow. An unexceptionable tenant appears in Major Blaise Olifant, who proves so sympathetic that he offers to keep Mrs. Gale's room a sanctuary. And yet Olivia does not recognize in him the "perfect, gentle knight."

She breaks the news to portly Mr. Trivett and "dusty, grayish" Mr. Fennarch over the teacups, takes her fortune in her pocket, and with her grimly devoted maid Myra goes up to London. She sees life under the auspices of Lydia Dawlish, a former Medlovian, and marries Alexis Triona, who has written a brilliant book. Here the real story begins—and even Myra has a romance, though you would never dream it.

The Cathedral. By Hugh Walpole. $2.00.

Polchester is pleasantly succeeding Barchester—but from a modern version of the tyrannical Mrs. Proudie, Hugh Walpole, deliver us!

The Cathedral, "a vast black shadow," is a prominent character in the story, which hinges on the struggle for supremacy between Archdeacon Brandon and Canon Ronder. The Archdeacon is "of course greatly helped by his magnificant physical presence"—six feet two, athletic, blue-eyed, fair-haired, so that he is called by the ladies a Greek god and the Viking; and he has "by personal influence and strength of character acquired so sturdy a position" as to be spoken of as "The King of Polchester."

Just after his son has been expelled from Oxford, this dominating personage, on his way to visit a clergyman, is trapped in a circus-parade crowd, and a mischievous elephant whisks off his hat, tosses it high and tramples it. A ludicrous position—and from this time the newly arrived Canon Ronder, a fat, roly-poly man with large round spectacles—"it seemed that if you laid him down he would roll naturally, still smiling, to the farthest end of the station"—forges to the front, while Archdeacon Brandon retrogresses through defiance to defeat.

What I Saw in America. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $3.00.

In the beginning: this Englishman who "went wandering about disguised as a lecturer" saw a vision of his own home—and then the reporters "boarded the ship like pirates," which would be considered poor journalism in his country. Isn't it comforting to think that no matter how famous we become, only one London paper will send its representative to interview us!

Mr. Chesterton meditated in a New York hotel and in Broadway—only the angels know how he managed it!—tells of city and country, and discusses the American business man, presidents and problems, prohibition, fads and public opinion, the future of democracy and so on, and he says,

"What is the matter with the modern world is the modern world; and the cure will come from another."

The Swiss Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated. $1.75.

A little girl said of this series, "I wish they were magic books, and would get bigger and bigger as we read them."

This year the twins are Seppi and Leneli, whose home is "an old farmhouse on a mountain-side in Switzerland," with Father and Mother Adolf, brother Fritz, baby Roseli, the dog Bello, and the cuckoo who lives in the clock and is very busy, having to "wake the roosters at three, and the sun at four, and the family . . . by five," and get them all to bed at night.

Father Adolf and Fritz are sent to the high pastures with the cattle, so the twins are given charge of the goats. An avalanche cuts them off, and they spend a night with a herdsman and one at a house in another valley, but they reach home safely with all the goats.

And the cuckoo says, "I think I've managed this thing very well. . . . The past three days have been very wearying to one with my responsibilities." Did you ever?

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

TREASURERS CAN HELP

We learn incidentally that the International Missionary offering has been taken in many schools which have not yet forwarded the money to headquarters. Treasurers can help the cause and at the same time gain credit for their schools by sending their checks at the earliest possible moment.

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

Miss Dorothy Karlin is the new Sunday School Director at St. Paul's on the Midway in Chicago, and Miss Stella M. Neisler is the similar officer at Wausau, Wis. Both have begun their work with vision and efficiency. This item is significant as it emphasizes the fact that we are to have many positions for young women who are competent to lead in religious education.

* *

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

It is delightful to find that some of our new churches have broad vision and generous spirit. Here is a letter just received from our school at Kinston, North Carolina:

"Enclosed you will find a check for $15.00 to be applied to Miss Kirk's salary in Japan. We hope to be able to help in the Japan work each year."

Here's a good example for all new churches and for old ones as well.

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RHODE ISLAND ALSO

Good words have recently been spoken about several of our State Associations. Rhode Island is deserving of honorable mention, for vigorous and successful work is being done by Miss Carrie J. Crowell, the energetic president, and her loyal assistants.

This is a message to strengthen our hearts: "In all things expect our cooperation. If possible, we will carry out all suggestions that may come from the General office."

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HONOR AT ST. PAUL'S

Miss Georgia Burnham, assistant superintendent at St. Paul's, in Chicago, has a record of twenty-six years of perfect attendance at Sunday school, and Miss Ebba Haglind, treasurer, has a similar record of twenty-four years. Their names will go into the book that we are making in honor of all who have not missed attendance for five years or more.

As a matter of fact there are a good many other people at St. Paul's who are entitled to mention, though they may not have quite as many years to their credit as Miss Burnham and Miss Haglind. We expect to hear again from our fine school at Chicago.

FRIENDSHIP IN CALIFORNIA

The Southern California Council of Religious Education has thrown open its doors to Universalist Christians, an important action out where the lines between the liberal and evangelical believers have been pretty closely drawn. Now our representatives on the Pacific Coast will be admitted to conferences, will be allowed to pay their dues and will be granted the franchise as freely as the most fundamental Fundamentalists.

Our first member in the Council is Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, of Pasadena.

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A HOME DEPARTMENT?

The only good reason for not having a Home Department is the one given by Mr. Emory P. Ross, of Manchester, Ind. He says, "We do not have one because nobody will stay at home."

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

LOOKING FORWARD

Twenty years from now—yes, even ten years from now—the Universalist Church is going to be very happy and proud. We'll tell you why!

When our Women's Association purchased the birthplace of Clara Barton at North Oxford, Mass., it did something for which the denomination as a whole should be very grateful, and the years to come will prove the wisdom of their move.

Should not our Church have just such a place—make it a shrine at which we may gather, make it an institution for welfare work, and do a hundred and one other things that will make a living memorial to Clara Barton's great ideal of service to humanity? Should not our Church possess this and carry on the work that Clara Barton would do if she were here? If we don't do it, who will?

The cost is small when we consider what has been secured—a good house, ninety-eight acres of land, the necessary remodeling, a beautiful site, and, above all, the birthplace of a noble woman whom our Church and the world loves and reverences. We are coming to every Universalist, therefore, asking that all share the splendid opportunity to make the memory of one of our great women live and vibrate with the passion she possessed.

Let each one have a part in giving to this cause, and the years to come will tell of the loyalty of our Church to-day!

WHAT IS TO BE DONE THERE?

The question is often asked, "What kind of work is the Association planning to carry on at the birthplace?" Many suggestions have been offered by our Church officials and by interested friends. The following word has been contributed by Dr. van Schaick:

"When the Clara Barton Birthplace Fund is completed, the question can properly be raised—what of the future? Until that time broader use of the property is necessarily limited.

"No cog in social machinery is more frequently missing than a convalescent home—a stopping place for people whom hospitals can no longer keep and who are not yet ready for work. Nor could anything fit in better with the spirit of Clara Barton's life.

"A summer outings camp for little children and tired mothers would have the appeal which anything done for suffering childhood makes always with irresistible force.

"A temporary stopping place for a few victims of world disasters—snatching a few Armenian families as brands from the burning—giving them little houses and garden plots, would recall that Clara Barton originated the American Amendment for Red Cross Aid in disaster as well as in war.

"Better avenues of service may reveal themselves as time goes on. A summer boarding home for working girls which has been suggested might prove best of all. The duty now, however, is to discharge present obligations, to get ready for future inspiring tasks."

Young People's Christian Union

ANOTHER NEW UNION

Reading is back on the list of Unions. With the help of the Pennsylvania state officers a new Union was formed at the time of the Director's visit on Dec. 5. Host to the National Convention thirty years ago, and for many years counted as one of the dependable Unions, Reading has been missed. It is good to have it again in active service with a new group of young people, two of whose officers were at Murray Grove last summer.

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THE LAND OF THE SKY

After a night in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. van Schaick in Washington, and a single mid-week service in Greensboro, where the Sunday school is being faithfully maintained even without pastoral leadership, I headed westward toward the Land of the Sky and Hannah Powell.

On the way, crossing the crest of the Blue Ridge, the train passes close to Mount Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rockies, and affords the traveler many a delightful view of valleys far below.

Rev. Hannah Powell has so many addresses, it is hard to tell where she lives. She preaches at Inman's Chapel on Pigeon River, the flag stop for the train is Inman's, the post-office is Sunburst and the express office is West Canton. It is about thirty miles from Asheville far up in the Pigeon River valley, where Father Inman, pioneer preacher of Universalism, lived and labored, and where his children's children and their children form a good part of the working strength of the church.

I reached Inman's on Friday evening, Dec. 8, just in time for a hasty supper before the evening church service. With little advance notice, and with no way of spreading the news except by word of mouth, a congregation of over thirty was gathered together.

Next morning I visited the saw mill, the first of the hard wood variety I have seen. From these ridges and mountainsides large quantities of oak, poplar, hickory and other woods are being cut. The mill near Inman's is a small one, but at Sunburst, two miles farther up the valley, the main plant of the Tennessee and North Carolina Lumber Co. is located, forming a town of several hundred people.

After visiting the mill I walked up one of the side valleys to the logging camp where I had dinner and gave an invitation to the services at the Chapel.

In the afternoon there was a rehearsal of the Sunday school Christmas program. For these three weeks Miss Powell has with her Mrs. Eugenia Alger of Asheville, who is training the school in the singing of the Christmas music, delighting the congregations with her solos, and incidentally chaperoning Miss Powell, so that it was perfectly proper for her to entertain the Director at the Manse.

This Manse is a remarkable building. It contains three bedrooms, a sitting room, study, dining-room and kitchen, and yet has only three rooms.

No change in the usual Sunday program at the Chapel was made, except that the Director tried to teach the Bible Class, and spoke before the entire Sunday school where nearly forty were present. The Sunday school meets at eleven o'clock; there is no other morning service. Miss Powell is superintendent and often teaches one of the classes, although she never lacks for willing helpers.

The "preaching service" is held on Sunday evening, and to these services come the mountain farmers and their families, the mill workers and theirs and usually a group of men from the logging camps. There were eighty people in the congregation Sunday night, a large number of them men, and not a single fat man among them. To live in the mountains where nearly every step one takes out of doors is either up hill or down is the best possible reducing exercise.

More significant than this, the Land of the Sky is the land of clear eyes. Somewhere recently I have read that the American motto is "Be able to look a man square in the eye and tell him to go to hell." It might well have originated here. They can certainly look one square in the eye, and while no one did it to me, I can imagine it would be easy to live up to the rest of the motto, should occasion arise.

A visit to the Land of the Sky convinces one of the wisdom of Abraham's choice long ago, when he let Lot go to the cities of the Plain and find ease and luxury and destruction, while he turned to the rough, hard life of the hills, where men grow strong, and learn how to lift their eyes and their hearts to God.

Sometime the saw mills will finish their work up here, and many people will go out with them, but already the transition to the new life has begun. There is a well-equipped dairy farm with a blooded herd a little farther down the valley; a few of the orchards are now receiving scientific care; next year it will be possible to go from Boston to Sunburst over hard-surfaced roads, except for part of the way across Virginia. The old one-room country school has been practically abolished and country high schools, with transportation of pupils, are being organized and improved.

Every visit I make to North Carolina convinces me anew that it is making more rapid progress than any other state with which I am acquainted. And this visit has persuaded me that there is no missionary or philanthropic work in which our Church is engaged that is more worthwhile than this, where Hannah Powell is transforming the Land of the Sky into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Stanley Manning.

Dec. 12, 1922.

For the Quiet Hour

Christian progress comes out of the clash and collision of two things, like that of flint and steel—the consciousness of imperfection and the confidence of success. And they who thus are driven by the one and drawn out by the other, in all their consciousness of failure are yet blessed, and are crowned at last with that which they believed before it came.

Alexander Maclaren.

But faith that lives forever is not bound
To any outward semblance, any scheme
Fine-wrought of human wonder, or self-love
Or the base fear of never-ending pain.
True faith doth face the blackness of despair,
Blank faithlessness itself; bravely it holds
To duty unrewarded and unshared;
It loves where all is loveless; it endures
In the long passion of the soul for God.

Richard Watson Gilder.

There are many people who look upon life as if it were a mere sequence of events—a river rolling onward and carrying them along with it; they are always hoping that the flood will bring them some treasure-trove upon which they may seize and be happy, and seldom are they satisfied. Life is something to wrestle with and transmute into personal values, something to take hold of in such a way that it becomes part of personal character.

F. W. Norwood.

So many of us would like to be saints without becoming soldiers, and the desire can never be attained.

J. H. Jowett.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's one secret of the Christian life.

Henry Drummond.

He calls it significantly "My Church," and it was the one thing he ever called his own. Jesus wrote no book. He consecrated no holy place. He left behind no form of church government and no directory of worship. He named no successor. The only he did—he founded a society which was to be a brotherhood of believing men gathered round his person to carry on his work.

W. M. Clow.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity.—On "Sunday, ye Tenth of December, ye Olde Settlers of ye West Side" attended the morning service, Dr. Newton preaching upon the theme, "New ork City." At a meeting of all the Protes- nt churches of Danbury, Conn., in the niversalist Church, Dr. Newton was the reacher. The Y. P. C. U. recently ex- nded the hospitality of the church to udents at Columbia and Barnard. The adies' Aid Society is sewing for the relief f the smitten children of Smyrna. A uccessful sale for the benefit of the Mission as held Dec. 12. * * **Divine Paternity Mission.**—Rev. Helene Ulrich is deliver- ng illustrated talks, each Sunday evening. he Mothers' Club distributes bags to an ntire ward of the Blackwell's Island Iospital, at Christmas. The Children's rchestra, with piano, violin, mandolin, anjo, saxophone and drums, is a success, eard strongly on the East Side. The nly trouble is the desire of too many oys for drums. The Mission sorrows in he death of Mr. Charles A. Needham, who or more than fifty years was an active orker, and after his retirement some years go continued his deep interest and strong riendship. * * **Washington Heights.**—he community Sunday evening services re attracting excellent congregations. he programs vary—musical, illustrated alks and regular preaching services. Ir. Harris has recently spoken in a Jewish ynagogue, and to the order of "Moose." Ir. Harris, who during the past twelve ionths has had close to 500 boys in his arious auxiliaries, is making a special tudy of boys that is resulting in the forma- ion of a new order of cadets. Mr. Iarris finds that the gravest problem of o-day is the result of neglecting the boy rom nine to twelve, and it is to meet this ondition that the new movement is tarted. * * **Chapin Home.**—The an- ual drive to secure one dollar from every an, woman and child interested in the aintenance and development of the Iome, is the order for December. Why ot close the year with a gift to our beauti- il Home? Send your dollar to the Chapin Iome, Park and Chapin Avenues, Jamaica, Iew York. * * **Metropolitan Alliance.**—The meeting at Newark, Dec. 8, was argely attended. Dr. Rose spoke upon Amusements," telling in part the story f the wonderful success of the Sunday vening services at the Church of the Re- eemer. A theater that threatened to estroy, or at least limit the Sunday evening lustrated talks, is now receiving some of he overflow from the Church. The next eeting will be held Jan. 12, 1923, at the Divine Paternity. * * **Good Tidings.**—The Y. P. C. U. has struck twelve. The Silver Cup given by the State Union in the efficiency contest for excellence in devotional work, securing subscriptions to *Onward*, gaining strength for the Legion of the Cross and for church membership, will be in possession of the Good Tidings Union for the coming year. It is a well deserved recognition. In an endeavor to make possible a full attendance of Unioners at the evening service, supper is served early on Sunday evening. A theater party, enjoyed by 125 members of the Church, was held Dec. 14. The committee for the 1923 fair, Mrs. Osmore Webb, chairman, has been appointed, and plans outlined. There is no danger in prophesying success. * * **All Souls.**—December, 1922, will be known as a historic and prophetic month in All Souls. Sunday, Dec. 3, Dr. Grose was installed. Dr. Frank Oliver Hall preached the sermon, emphasizing the potency of religion, the need of co-operation, the uplift of prayer, devotion to the manly Christ, "God's truest gentleman," and companionship with God. Dr. John van Schaick delivered an address to the minister and people. The large congregation appreciated the fine quality and "good speech" of the two leaders. On Thursday, Dec. 7, with the first storm of the winter under foot and in the air, a great gathering of 300 men and women greeted Dr. and Mrs. Grose. Dinner was served. There were addresses of welcome for the parish by Miss Lois Pinney Clark, Mrs. Niels S. Nickelsen and Herbert F. Gunnison. Mr. Gunnison, in the name of the parish, presented Dr. and Mrs. Grose a sum of money to buy a motor-car, expressing the delight that would be experienced by all the parishioners, to see the new minister and the new car coming to their homes. Dr. Potterton spoke the sincere welcome of the local Universalist churches. Dr. Berg of the Flatbush Reformed Church gave the cheery greeting and hearty God-speed of the Flatbush churches. Dr. Newton spoke for the denomination, and with his usual incisiveness and eloquence. His advice was to "let the people know that you are a Universalist and then forget it. You are called upon not to build the church of John Murray, but the Church of Jesus Christ!" Dr. Paul Dwight Moody of Middlebury College spoke from long acquaintance and a deep friendship with Dr. Grose, commending his return from service abroad to the work of the Church and prophesying large and enduring success. Dr. Grose received a royal greeting, and delivered an address of brevity, appreciation and charm. The beginning of the new pastorate is auspicious, and those who know Dr. Grose realize that splendid days are ahead for All Souls Church. The church quartette rendered the music. Mr. Fortesque Metcalfe presided. During the months preceding the coming of the new minister the parish work was finely maintained by the assistant, Mrs. Niels S. Nickelsen. On Dec. 19 the Women's League will tender a welcome to Mrs. Grose, with the wives of the Universalist ministers of the Metropolitan District and the wives of the Flatbush ministers as guests. * * **Our Father.**—This month has been dedicated to the commemoration of the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the society. On Thursday, Dec. 7, a one-day sale and supper netted over $400. Sunday morning, Dec. 10, Dr. G. D. Walker, State Superintendent, preached a strong sermon, vibrant with wise suggestion and good advice, appreciative of the past, visioning the future and calling all to renewal of service. The sermon was very helpful and gave keen joy and satisfaction. At the Men's Club, Monday evening, Dec. 11, the president of the trustees, Mr. Henry L. Brant, told the story of "A Summer's Trip to South America." The evening of Dec. 13 was dedicated to a union gathering of the Universalists of the Metropolitan District. Mr. Brant introduced Mrs. Niels S. Nickelsen, Miss Rita Bertsch, Rev. Helene Ulrich, Rev. B. B. Gibbs, Rev. C. J. Harris, Dr. Arthur W. Grose, Dr. J. Fort Newton, Dr. John van Schaick, and Mrs. Harry Webb, all of whom paid tribute to the splendid history and present day value of the Church of Our Father. The kind words spoken of church and minister were deeply appreciated. A telegram from Dr. C. Ellwood Nash brought joy to the parishioners of thirty years ago, when Dr. Nash was pastor. There were fine delegations from all the churches of the District. On Dec. 15 the ministers of the neighboring churches came with words of cheer and courage. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Rev. Fritz Baldwin represented the Congregationalists, Dr. McCall the Baptists, Drs. Young and Huston the Presbyterians, Rev. Mr. Land the Unitarians and Dr. Alexander Lyons the Jews. Music was furnished by the church quartette. Sunday morning, Dec. 17, the pulpit theme was "The Eighty-First Year."

Thomas Edward Potterton.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,850
Danbury, Conn.	9
Peoria, Ill.	2
Hoopeston, Ill.	18
Hutchinson, Kan.	12
Total	1,891

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 850. Danbury, Conn., 1. Total, 851.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Mr. Edwin B. Wilson, City Editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, is the author of the article in this issue on "Dr. Grose Welcomed to All Souls."

Rev. Oluf Tandberg of Halifax recently delivered the lecture before the Institute for the Blind, in Halifax, the first time the pastor of the Universalist church has had this honor.

Lois Eleanor Butler, only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Butler of Seneca Castle, N. Y., was married at her home, on Dec. 12, to Mark Clarence Estey. Mr. Butler performed the ceremony.

Mr. John H. Barthelmess of West Medford, Mass., Dr. Martin M. Brown of North Adams, Mass., Dr. Leroy W. Coons and Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., have been elected to membership in the Boston Universalist Club.

Mr. F. H. Herrick of Leeds, Me., for several years president of the Oxford Association, met with a great loss recently when his home and a fine set of farm buildings, together with stock valued at $7,500, were burned.

Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, recently delivered a course of lectures before Union Theological Seminary, New York, and also before the Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York, upon "The New Preaching." He is to officiate at a preaching mission in Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1923, at the First Congregational Church, preaching twice daily, 4.45 p. m., and 8 p. m. He is also announced to give a series of lectures at the Bangor Theological Seminary, Jan. 29-Feb. 21, Bangor, Me., on "Forward Christianity."

Iowa

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto Raspe, pastor. The Universalist society has started on a unique venture for a new church home. These enthusiastic and enterprising people have purchased one of the largest and finest residences in the city, which they are planning to convert into a community home, with a built-in church auditorium. The Universalists comprise one of the oldest religious bodies in the city, but for the past few years development has been hindered by the lack of a church home. Since Rev. Otto S. Raspe became pastor in February, 1921, and began the reorganization of the society, rapid advancement has been made. A chapel was leased for Sunday services, the Sunday school has been increased to an average attendance of sixty-five and chapters of the Clara Barton Guild and the Order of Comrades have been successfully organized. The congregation soon outgrew the chapel quarters and voted to procure once more a church of its own. The initial payment has already been made on the new property and the balance will be paid in cash when the transfer is completed and the deed delivered. Ample funds are available for all costs in connection with acquiring the house and remodeling, the society having upward of $28,000 in trust from the sale of the old church, which occupied an important site. The lot on which the residence is located gives ample room for a church building in addition to the community house if the need is apparent in the future. The general plan for alterations is to convert the second and third floors into an auditorium seating about 250 persons, finished and equipped in the style of a church, while the space of the first floor will be utilized for reception room, dining room, kitchen and special rooms for the Ladies' Social Union and Order of Comrades. The basement at some future time will be converted into a gymnasium. When the church occupies its new quarters, which it is expected will be about the beginning of Lent, the Universalist society will broaden its activities to a distinctive community service.

Kansas

Hutchinson.—Rev. James Houghton, acting pastor. Rev. George A. Miller closed his work here with September, since which time the Southwest Superintendent has carried on the work of the parish. Congregations have doubled. The Sunday school is making fine progress under the leadership of Mr. Chester M. Routledge, the Rev. Seward Baker is rendering splendid assistance. During the latter half of November a series of evangelistic meetings was conducted by Rev. Luther R. Robinson, Mid-West Superintendent, assisted by the pastor. The meetings were well advertised, the attendance was good and interest splendid throughout. Many in the city heard our message for the first time. Too much can not be said for the effectiveness of Mr. Robinson's work in an effort of this kind. Eight members were received during the meetings, and as a result of this four more on the following Sunday night at the closing service of the State Convention. As many more have become vitally interested, and we are confident will become members in the near future. A thirty-days union evangelistic campaign with a modern evangelist immediately preceding rendered our campaign doubly serviceable both to our church and to the city as a whole. The sane and constructive work of Mr. Robinson was set in sharp contrast with the utterances and methods of "John Brown of Arkansas," and elicited for him many words of approval even from members and ministers of Orthodox churches.

Massachusetts

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, pastor. This fall has been a busy season with the regular monthly suppers served by the Ladies' Circle and extra events, socials and food sales and a Christmas sale. The extra things have been held to help out on the repair fund for the church building. The repairs are nearly completed and the funds are in sight to pay the bills. The Clara Barton Guild has been doing its share with a party in the vestry and a play for the fair. The Christmas plans now engage all departments of the church. At a recent union meeting of the churches of the city, Miss Macduff spoke in behalf of the Union Christian Colleges of the Orient. A pageant was also presented and a generous offering made for the three million dollar fund.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. A visit was recently made to our field in New Brunswick by the pastor of this church. He spent several days in Coburn studying the situation there. He found a thoroughly wide-awake and active class of people, and a well built and attractive little church. Permanent preaching is hoped for in the not distant future. A highly successful lecture was delivered by Mr. Tandberg before a distinguished audience in the lecture room of the Institute for the Blind on the evening of Nov. 23. More than five hundred of the best people of Halifax packed the auditorium and the galleries. The lecturer was introduced by Dr. H. L. Stewart, professor of philosophy at Dalhousie University, and for an hour and a half held the close attention of the audience. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. At the conclusion of the lecture Judge Russell, of the Supreme Bench of Nova Scotia, arose from his seat and in a neat speech expressed the appreciation of the audience. He moved that a vote of thanks be given the lecturer, the motion was seconded by Dr. Macray, dean of the Dalhousie University Law School, and it was unanimously carried. People in Halifax say that never before has such a recognition been accorded a Universalist minister in this old and conservative town.

Rhode Island

Pawtucket.—Rev. Julian S. Cutler pastor. The season's activities are now in full swing, and every department is working harmoniously, and under high pressure. Rally Day was observed on the first Sunday in October, and there was a large attendance both at church and Sunday school. The Woman's Guild served the first supper of the season Oct. 19. The Men's Club served an oyster supper at the second meeting on the evening of Monday, Nov. 3. After supper Albert H. Keene, chief engineer of the local water system, gave a very instructive and interesting talk on "Municipal Water Systems." The Murray Club, the young people's organization of the parish, gave a very successful minstrel show in the vestry Tuesday evening, Nov. 21. The Sunday school is in a very prosperous condition and growing steadily, especially in the kindergarten and primary departments, which have more than doubled in attend-

ance during the year. Mrs. Spaulding's adult class held its annual rummage sale in G. A. R. Hall Thursday, Oct. 26, turning $150 net proceeds into the Church treasury. The Rhode Island Conference met in the church Nov. 23. There was a good attendance. The first speaker was Miss Helen Greenhalgh, a social worker in our local Red Cross chapter and a member of our church, who gave an excellent address on "Social Service and Local Red Cross Work." The other speakers were Rev. U. S. Milburn of Salem, and Rev. C. J. Cowing of Malden. Mr. Milburn's subject was "An Up-to-Date Religion," and Mr. Cowing spoke on "Discipleship." During the summer the church kitchen was rebuilt and enlarged, and the large vestry and parlors were redecorated, at an expense of about $1,500, all of which is in the hands of the committee, so no debt will be incurred. Every department is growing and running smoothly. Our church building is one of the finest in the city, and the Fales Memorial electric organ one of the finest in New England.

Providence, First Church.—Rev. R. R. Hadley, pastor. This church is continuing its practise of giving regular missionary instruction in the Sunday school with excellent results. The school will give its fourth annual Community Christmas Party for children Dec. 22. Our Ready Circle of King's Daughters recently held a unique Christmas sale. The tables were decorated for the twelve months of the year. A new local chapter of Comrades is now being organized by our men and they have applied for a charter from the national order. Mrs. Geo. E. Etz, caretaker of the Clara Barton Home, was the speaker at the meeting of the Mission Circle Dec. 8. Our young people are all busy getting ready for the New England Get-Together of the Y. P. C. U. Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1.

Woonsocket.—Rev. E. D. Ellenwood, pastor. Activities in all departments were resumed, on the second Sunday in September, and each succeeding week has shown an encouraging acceleration. Rally Day brought out a large congregation and a full attendance in the Sunday school. Sunday morning services have had excellent attendance. Laymen's Sunday was observed Oct. 22, as requested by the Universalist Comrades, and brought to us as our speaker Mr. A. Ingham Bicknell, of Boston, who gave an address replete with optimism, inspiration, and earnest exhortation. The other parts of this very successful laymen's service were taken by men of the church, who have on numerous occasions, in this and neighboring parishes, demonstrated their ability to occupy the pulpit with credit to themselves and profit to their hearers. Sunday afternoon services began Nov. 19, with a well attended vesper concert by the Rotary male quartette, of Providence. An illustrated lecture, "Birds and Religion," prepared by Rev. Manley Townsend, of Medfield, Mass., and read by our pastor on Nov. 26, proved most interesting and instructive. Dramatic readings by our pastor, "The World's Christmas Tree," by Charles Jefferson, on Dec. 3, and "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, on Dec. 10, are supplementary to his sermons at the morning services, and form a part of the December program which considers the theme of Christmas during the entire month. On Dec. 17, the vesper service presented "The Story Beautiful," the Life of Jesus, given in Scripture text and unusually beautiful colored lantern slides from the paintings of William Hole. On Dec. 24, "The Christmas Mystery" in tableaux and song will be given by a chorus of thirty voices, in addition to the church quartette. This will be a repetition of the beautiful service which was so much enjoyed last year. The afternoon service will be omitted on Dec. 31, on account of the great gathering of young people at the "New England Get-Together" of the Y. P. C. U. at Providence.

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pastor. Mrs. Soule, our minister's wife, has returned home after an absence of nearly seven weeks in Maine helping care for the daughter and husband who were sick with typhoid fever. The sick ones have recovered and Mrs. Soule has entered actively into the work of the church. The Ladies' Aid served a chicken supper recently and cleared $100 as a result of their efforts. They arranged with Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood of Woonsocket for a reading on the evening of Nov. 17. The attendance at church service has gone steadily forward, and the Sunday school, which was reorganized with eight officers, teachers and pupils at the beginning of the fall, now numbers forty and the goal is sixty by Jan. 1. The Sunday school held a successful Hallowe'en social and the proceeds went into the fund started by the school for the purchase of a changeable letter bulletin board for use at the front of the church. Sunday evenings our pastor is giving a series of lantern slide lecture-stories. He has organized a fine troop of Boy Scouts and will soon have one for the girls of the community. Nov. 11 we entertained the Burrillville and Gloucester Sunday School Association at its semi-annual session, our Sunday school serving the supper. Recently in the Sunday school Mr. Earle Robinson at the written request of Mrs. Vincent, the wife of the former pastor, now living in Girard, Penn., presented the Sunday school with two oil paintings for the Sunday school rooms. One was done in oil by Mrs. Vincent and represented the Potter meeting-house in New Jersey and the other was a painting by another artist showing Jerusalem and its surrounding territory. The gift was accepted on behalf of the school by the minister. On Nov. 23 the Ladies' Aid surprised the minister and his wife by sending a beautiful bouquet to the parsonage in recognition of their twenty-third wedding anniversary. On Dec. 6 and 7 the Ladies' Aid held its annual fair, supper and entertainment. The fair was successful in every way. The vestry and booths were arranged to represent a Gypsy village.

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"LEADERS" WANTED

Copies of the *Leader* for Nov. 25, Dec. 2 and Dec. 9 are wanted at the Publishing House.

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SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The Universalist Sabbath School Union held its regular meeting on Dec. 13 at the Charlestown, Mass., Church. Supper was served to seventy-five people. The Young People's Christian Unions of nineteen churches in Greater Boston were invited to attend. Out of the nineteen schools, young people from the following schools were present: Arlington, Brookline, Charlestown, Chelsea, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Saugus, Somerville First, Wakefield, West Somerville, Winter Hill. A very fine address was given by Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., on "The Second Quarter of the Twentieth Century."

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THE CELEBRATION AT DANBURY

In prospect, the celebration of their 100th anniversary by a program extending over four days appeared to the Universalists of Danbury to be a rather heavy undertaking. The consummation of their plans, however, exceeded their fondest hopes and not since the burning of the mortgage has such an enthusiasm stirred the members.

The celebration opened with the ordination of the pastor, G. H. Leining, on the evening of Friday, Dec. 8. Rev. T. A. Fischer, D. D., of New Haven, with the assistance of Rev. John Murray Atwood, D. D., and Rev. F. C. Leining, offered prayer and performed the ordaining act. Dr. Atwood's sermon on "The Spiritual Authority and Leadership of Jesus" was one of the most inspiring sermons ever delivered at this church. Rev. F. C. Leining, brother of the pastor, gave the charge to the people. A welcome to the community was extended to the newly ordained pastor by Rev. George W. Roesch, Ph. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The members of the parish gathered for supper on Saturday evening. Deacon L. L. Hubbell read a historical paper, Mrs. A. Seymour, Mrs. Esther Ryder, Mrs. W. McArthur, Mrs. Marietta Stuart, Mrs. E. M. Palmer, Mrs. Emma Butler, R. F. Foster, J. A. Tobias, E. A. Stuckey, contributed reminiscences. Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Rev. E. B. Barber and Rev. G. H. Leining spoke briefly.

Sunday marked the climax of the celebration. In the morning, Dr. McCollester delivered a masterly address on "The Contribution and Evolution of American Universalism." Nine members were received into the church and one baby was christened by the pastor. The evening service, made noteworthy by the presence

of Rev. J. Fort Newton, D. D., was especially dignified by the fact that practically every other church in Danbury, of its own initiative, postponed or so arranged its own evening service that its people might hear Dr. Newton, and—advertised that there would be a union service at the Universalist Church! This is a good indication, in spite of some vastly different theological tenets, of the splendid religious fellowship existing at Danbury. Needless to say the church was filled to overflowing by a congregation which listened, spell-bound, to Dr. Newton's sermon on "The Future of the Church." At one point the congregation burst into spontaneous applause—an unusual response for a staid New England congregation. Ministers of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist Episcopal and Disciples churches took part in the service.

Monday evening was made the occasion of a fellowship meeting. Alpheus Baker, president of the City Council, Rev. Ellis Gilbert, president of the Ministerial Association, Rev. T. A. Fischer, D. D., State Superintendent, Herbert E. Belden, treasurer of the State Convention former pastors, Rev. Alfred Cardall of Portsmouth, N. H., and Rev. E. B. Barber, extended greetings. Mr. Barber presided and read letters from former ministers not able to be present.

Music by a chorus choir under the direction of Miss Adelaide Grabert was a delightful contribution to the success of the celebration.

* *

FROM NORTH CAROLINA

The "friendly exchange," between the Rev. Calvin J. Carr of the Holiness Church and the pastor of the Red Hill Church, was held under unfavorable weather conditions, but the congregations on Sunday were above the average.

The pastor's topics will tell the story of his message to all Universalists—"The Father Shown by Jesus," "The Life Exemplified by Jesus," "The Success Expected by Jesus."

Mr. Carr gladly expressed his agreement with much of this, and could not be outdone in his conviction that God is good, always has been and always will be good. Also that what a man is, in his real character, is the all important thing and that to become Christlike is to have heaven within and the hope of heaven in the future. And that he could hope that all men could be saved somehow and somewhere—but there were conditions on account of which he could not see his way to the Universalist position.

These conditions were the points of difference—man was a "fallen being," having lost the holiness with which he was created and become of a radically different and lost nature, and he can not struggle upward from this nature, nor by any process of education or discipline or good works be anything else but lost. His only hope is in the virtue of the atoning blood of Jesus, and as soon as that is applied he becomes entirely different, holiness becomes his nature, and the remembrance and punishment of sin is all wiped out.

The pain and anguish of man—wars, pestilence, famine, and the fires, disasters and destruction that come upon fallen man—are in every instance the work of Satan. The work of Jesus is to destroy the devil's works— so we have a new idea as to why there is to be no punishment for the converted man or the new man in Christ Jesus.

At the last in summary we acknowledged much in agreement, but insisted that the Master will complete his conquest, even using to the full extent the efforts of our partialist friends to assist him in destroying the works of the devil.

While our brethren of the partialist faith often criticise the "Holiness" people as lacking in education, we can not see that their theology in its main points is very different from any other that makes the blood atonement its great foundation stone, and we find in this brother a spirit of liberality and courtesy that is becoming in all professed followers of the Master.

Leon P. Jones.

* *

Notices

NEW ENGLAND GET-TOGETHER—Y. P. C. U.

A New England Get-Together of the Y. P. C. U. will be held in Providence, Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1.

Opening conference Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30, at 2.30. Banquet at 6.30, in the First Church. Dance in the beautiful hall of the near-by Plantations Club. Tickets admitting to both banquet and dance, $1.50, if reserved in advance.

The Sunday evening mass meeting will be held in the Church of the Mediator, all other sessions at the First Church.

Excellent hotels and restaurants are near the church. Those desiring free entertainment in private homes are advised to send in their applications early.

It will greatly help the Housing Committee if you will forward before Dec. 20 the names of your members who intend to come to Providence, indicating those who prefer to room together. Write to Mrs. Albert J. Niebels, 4 Roanoke Street, Providence, R. I.

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"What difference would that have made?" her mother inquired.

"Lots," said the child. "I could have enjoyed thinking about it all day."—*Selected.*

* *

Hyde Park Orator: "It's knowledge we want! Ask the av'ridge man when Magna Charta was King of England, an' 'e carn't tell yer."—*Exchange.*

* *

"De noive o' dat guy," complained Jimmy, the office boy, "offerin' me six dollars a week. What's he tink I am—a college graduate?"—*N. Y. College Mercury.*

* *

Conclusion of a story on the children's page in a magazine says, "And they were married and lived happily even after."—*Kansas City Star.*

* *

"What have you been doing all summer?"

"I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

"I wasn't working, either."—*Friend.*

* *

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It wouldn't go at all.

"I can't think what's the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Henry. "'Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

* *

Tim: "How are you getting alone at home while your wife's away?"

Jim: "Fine. I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks now from either end."—*American Mutual Magazine.*

* *

It was a court-martial, the prisoner being a rookie who was believed to have committed what was, from a military point of view, a serious offense, although from his angle merely a perfectly natural act.

"Private Smith," began the presiding officer, "you are charged with having been asleep on guard. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"'Scuse me, sir," objected Smith mildly, "but how am I to know—if I was asleep?"—*The Forecast.*

* *

Stranger (to office boy): "I wanna see the editor."

Office Boy: "What editor? We got all kinds of editors around this joint, nothin' but editors; just like the Mexican army, all generals and no privates."—*Washington Times.*

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